NOTES
Concerning the
KELLOGG'S

By

M. G. KELLOGG, M.D.

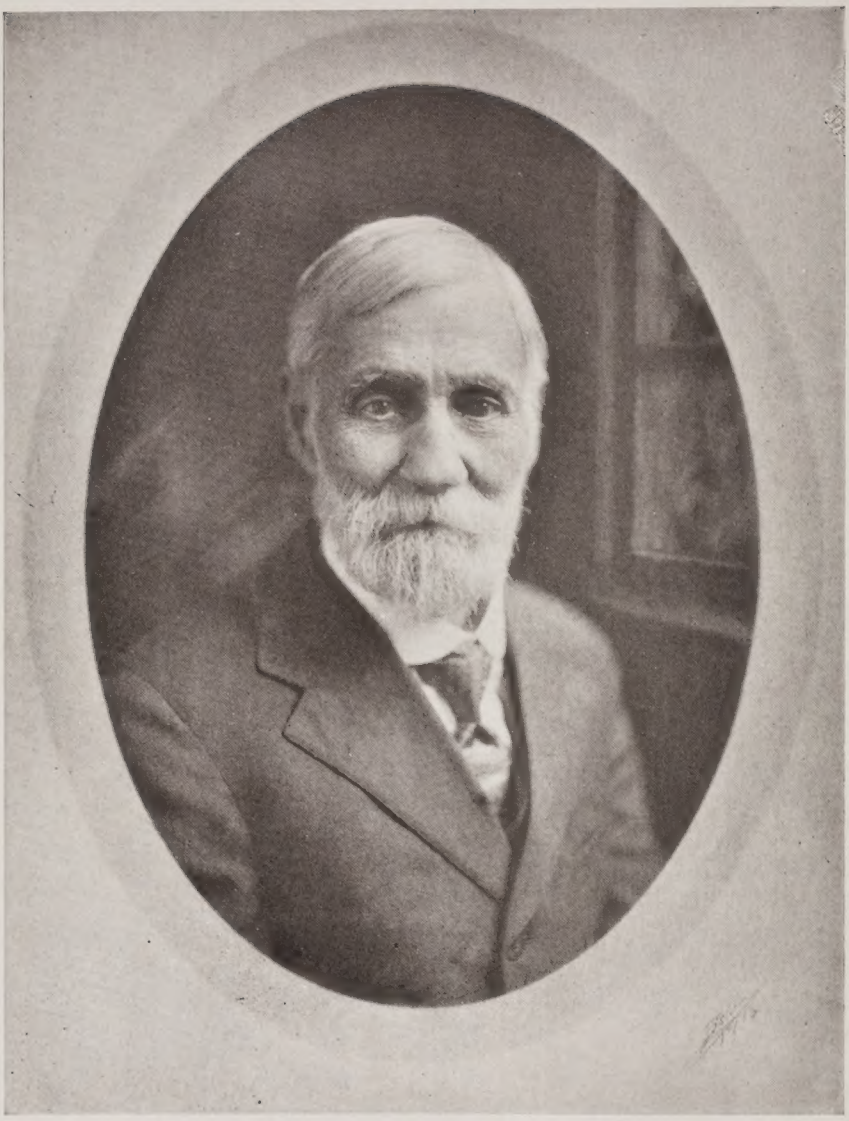
Graff

The Newberry Library

The Everett D. Graff Collection
of Western Americana

2295

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY
CHICAGO



M. G. KELLOGG, M.D.

NOTES
Concerning the
KELLOGG'S

By

M. G. KELLOGG, M.D.



BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
1927

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY
CHICAGO

NOTES

Concerning the Kelloggs

Healdsburg, Calif.
Nov. 17, 1913.

Mrs. E. E. Kellogg,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

Dear Sister:

Your letter of Nov. 8 asking me to tell you something of the childhood life of your husband and of the home in which he was born, and its surroundings, came to hand in due time.

I regret being unable to tell you much concerning the childhood of my brother John as I married when he was only two years old and I saw but little of him thereafter.

John was born February 26, 1852, in Tyrone, Livingston Co., Michigan.

Tyrone was a township six miles square. Every resident of the township was engaged in farming, although a few of them had trades at which they worked at odd times. There was not a village, nor even a small hamlet in the township. Neither was there a church building, a meeting house, nor even a public hall within the limits of Tyrone. There were less than sixty families living in the township at the time of the birth of John. There were at that time only two school houses in the township, both of which were frame buildings, although nearly every family lived in a small log house.

Father was more fortunate, because more thrifty and industrious than most of the residents. He was

then out of debt and owned 160 acres of land of which 102 acres were cleared off and well under cultivation. He had horse teams sufficient to work the place and haul the crops to market. He also had 120 fine wool sheep, cows enough to provide the family with milk, cream and butter, chickens enough for table use and for eggs. There was a fine apple orchard, yielding yearly one or two hundred bushels of apples of many varieties. Also a peach orchard which in a good year yielded from twenty-five to forty bushels of fine peaches of several varieties. There were also plenty of red currants and also some gooseberries.

The vegetable garden supplied all needed in that line.

The farm supplied us with wheat, corn, buckwheat and rye, mutton, fowls, eggs, milk, cream and butter and as mother was a good cook, we fared well.

Our winter clothes were all made from our home grown wool which mother, with a little help, spun into yarn, wove into cloth and made up for us.

There were two very small hamlets in an adjoining township in each of which there was a store of general merchandise, a flouring mill, etc. One of these was two miles distant, the other three and one-half miles distant. Fentonville, a thriving village, was seven miles distant. Milford, another small village, was twelve miles distant. Howell, the county seat, was twelve miles distant. Flint, the next nearest, twenty-two miles away and Pontiac, the next, twenty-five miles.

You can see by the foregoing, that John was born in a really rural district. Father had owned and lived on the above described farm for eight years prior to the birth of John.

There was an unfinished frame house on the farm. It was about 20x28 feet on the ground, was 1½ stories, had a large living room, parlor, two bedrooms and pantry on first floor, two large chambers upstairs and a cellar six feet deep under the whole house. Father had the house finished, plastered and painted, and a large kitchen and woodhouse built on as an extension. A well 77 feet deep gave us an abundance of good cold water for drinking and cooking, while a cistern caught the water from the roof for washing purposes. This home was comfortable and pleasant.

I can remember but two incidents in John's childhood life that made any lasting impression on my mind. These both occurred early in his fourth year.

I called at father's one day, and while there John did something which his mother had forbidden. She called him to her, explained to him the wrongfulness of his act, then asked him if he did not know that it was wrong to do such things.

Looking up to her very demurely he replied, "Yes, Mother, I know that it is wrong."

"Then what makes you do it?"

He did not reply readily, so she repeated the question. By this time he had his answer thought out, and speaking, as well as looking very grave, he said, "Satan."

She then talked to him of the importance of watching against Satan's temptations, told him he must resist his temptations. John went and sat down alone and philosophized on the matter. After studying a while, he came back to his mother and said, "Mother, I wish God would kill Satan." He seemed to reason that with Satan out of the way he would never be tempted to do wrong.

A few days later I called at father's and we had to go downtown to finish our business. John asked permission to go along. His father said he might if he could keep up. "I will keep up," he said, and instead of following behind he ran on ahead. He had to run to keep ahead for we walked rapidly. Presently he fell flat on his stomach. He fell hard and I was sure he was hurt, but before I could get to him to help him up, he was up and faced about; brushing the dust from his clothes, he said, "I did that on purpose."

I was impressed by the first incident that he would become a leader and something of a philosopher in time, and by the second incident that he would turn apparent defeats into victories.

When John was two years old father quit farming and moved into Jackson City and engaged in broom making and two years later he moved to Battle Creek.

I do not know if John ever attended public school. I think that his early education was obtained in a private school taught by Professor Bell. Fletcher Byington taught a private school in the winter of 1858-9, and it is possible that John attended it. I came to California in 1859 and so lost all run of the family until my return in 1867.

I wish I could tell you more of John. I will send you in a few days a brief sketch of his father's and his mother's life, which will enable you to understand the source from which his love for the unfortunate, the needy, his perseverance, his love for hard work, his energy and push came from.

With the exception of a bronchial catarrh, I am in fairly good health for a person of my age. The 28th of next March, if I live, I shall be 82.

Yours truly,

M. G. KELLOGG.

Healdsburg, Calif.
Sept. 2, 1915.

J. H. Kellogg, M.D.,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

Dear Brother John:

Your very interesting communication, of date Aug. 23, is at hand. I thank you for the advice you gave me concerning the use of Paraffin, and shall follow it. It is doing wonders for me, and is helping Mrs. Nolan, who is also using it.

I thank you for sending me your translation of the Frenchman's trip from Pontiac to Flint river in 1831. He only had a foot trail to follow. Father followed a wagon road when he passed through the same wild region in 1834, when he settled on government land two miles north of Flint river. A few settlers had preceded him and located from one to three miles farther north than father did.

I think that the Frenchman drew somewhat on his imagination in describing the few settlers he met, or perhaps none of that class ever settled north of Flint river. His description of the wild forest was quite accurate, however, and correctly portrayed the trails as they existed back away from the Saginaw turnpike. In his description of the last six miles before he reached Flint river, the brook he mentions having crossed on logs, and which his fellow travelers forded

with the horses, was Thread Creek, one mile south of where the Saginaw turnpike crosses the Flint river.

The thick forest through which he passed that night, remained almost unbroken southwest of Flint for years. When father moved to Tyrone in the winter of 1842-3, a State road had been cleared from Flint to Fentonville, but had not been turnpiked up. A few settlers had located along this road, but the houses were from one to three miles apart and only a few acres were cultivated at each settlement. All else was dense forest.

It was along this State road that Smith and I and a hired man drove the sheep, cows and young cattle, stopping at Fentonville over night, Smith was so lame and stiff he could not get out of bed next morning.

He lacked a few weeks of being nine years old. From the farm to Flint was five miles, from Flint to Fentonville fifteen to eighteen. The snow in the road was packed, but outside of the sleigh track it was a foot deep. It was too long a walk for a boy at his age.

You speak of reading my bit of family history. I am glad you are able to read it. I feared that neither you or the girls, Clara and Emma, would be able to do so.

The Frenchman's story brought fresh to my mind the scenes of my childhood days.

Those were happy days. I love to recall them. In fact I love to recall any part of my life, for as a general thing it has always been a happy one, although a strenuous one. My happiness has always been greatest in striving to better my fellows.

W. K. writes me that Clara is quite ill, at the Sanitarium Hospital.

I regret not having had the pupil of my left eye enlarged last May.

All are as usual.

Your affectionate brother,

M. G. KELLOGG.

Healdsburg, Calif.
Sept. 5, '15.

J. H. Kellogg, M.D.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Dear Brother John:

If you have translated the Frenchman's description of the country between Flint and Saginaw in 1831, I would be pleased to see any short account you may have had typewritten, but do not trouble to make a copy purposely for me.

Whenever you typewrite anything for me, please print as black, and as clear as possible, for my eyes have gotten to the point where I cannot make out all the words in the translation. I am feeling fine now.

Your Brother,

M. G. KELLOGG.

A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY

By MERRITT G. KELLOGG

CHAPTER I

MY earliest recollections date from the time when my father lifted me up to show me my little brother Smith, who had come onto the stage of action the previous evening. This was on the sixteenth day of March, 1834. I was two years old the twenty-eighth of the same month.

My next remembrance is of a black man calling at the door. He was the first black man I had ever seen. His face was so black, his eyes so large and white, and his mouth so big and red when he opened it to speak, I was frightened and fled in terror from his presence.

I next remember seeing my father dressed in full regimentals. He wore a nice suit of deep blue, his coat sleeves were trimmed with silver braid. I learned years later that he belonged to the State militia and had been out with his company on drill.

I also remember that my mother sent me to an infant's school. This all occurred in Hadley, Mass., where I was born, March 28, 1832.

In July, 1834, my father started for Michigan. I well remember how we traveled,—first, by horses and wagon to Albany, then by canal boat to Buffalo, and by steam boat to Detroit. The canal boat was pulled along by a horse. We had our own beds, and my mother cooked for us on the boat. When on the steamer, a little girl and I stood on the bottom step of the cabin stairs and we tried to out-jump each other.

When we reached Detroit, we stopped for a day or two at a hotel, while Father purchased a pair of horses, a wagon, a few tools and farming implements, a few groceries, and a little furniture.

We then started for the Dickinson Settlement, sixty miles northwest of Detroit. This Settlement was named after Mr. Lansing Dickinson, who was the first settler in those parts.

The Dickinsons were from Hadley, and were old friends of my parents. They had located on land three miles north of the, *then*, little hamlet, but *now*, city, of Flint. They had five neighbors, two of whom lived close by; the other three lived in a cluster, one mile nearer Flint. There were five or six families living in Flint, and two or three at Threadville, one mile south of Flint. These were all the white settlers there were in all those parts, when my father located there.

The next day after reaching the Settlement, father selected a half section (320 acres) of land one mile south of Dickinson's location, and two miles north of Flint.

Three of the settlers were near neighbors, as their lands lay opposite ours.

There was an empty log cabin within a hundred yards of one corner of the land my father had selected, and into this he put us, and our goods. The cabin had only one room, and no fireplace. Mother cooked on a camp fire outside. The log cabin was not very comfortable, but mother managed to live there until winter set in, by which time father had built a very good log house. It had one large living room and two bedrooms on the lower floor, and one large room in the garret. A large open fireplace was built against the end opposite the bedrooms. It was built of stone. The chim-

ney was built of sticks, and was plastered with mud inside and outside. Our cooking all had to be done at an open fire, as we had no stove.

While there were only six families in our vicinity, there were several single men who had been grading the turnpike. By hiring some of these, father was able to build his house, also a log stable for his horses and two cows, to clear, plow, and sow to wheat two or three acres, and dig a well, that first autumn.

In addition to our white neighbors, there were many Indians living near us. Several families of them were camped on our land.

Deer were plenty, as also were wolves, foxes, and other wild animals. We were pioneers, in a wild country and had very few of the conveniences and comforts of present day life, and none of its luxuries.

We had to make our own soap and candles. Instead of friction matches, we had a flint and steel, and sulphur dips, with which to start a fire. Everything was very primitive.

We moved into our log house in the autumn of 1834 and lived in it five years.

In the summer of 1835 one of our horses died. Father then bought a beautiful pair of mares in Flint. Two weeks after bringing them home, a man came with an officer and took them away. They had been stolen and brought from Ohio. Father then had to buy another pair, one of which died a year later.

Notwithstanding these losses, father was of good courage. He worked very hard, early and late, clearing land and raising wheat, corn, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, turnips, and carrots.

In 1836 he built a brick oven for mother to bake our bread in. He also built a large frame barn the

same year. I remember that a lot of men came and helped raise the heavy timbers, and that after the frame was all up, one of the men called for whisky. Father said, "I have no whisky, but I have something better." He then went to the house and he and my mother came out, each bearing a large panful of hot doughnuts, of which the men ate with satisfaction.

My brother Albert was born April 7, of this same year, 1836.

New settlers had been coming in during the eighteen months we had been on our farm, and we had more neighbors. Flint had grown to be a flourishing village. A Baptist minister had come in and he held a protracted meeting in Flint. Father took us all to the meetings. At the close of the meetings in the spring, father made a public profession of religion, by being baptized, by immersion, in Flint river. Mother stood on the river bank with baby Albert in her arms; Smith and I stood beside her.

There was a sawmill in Flint, when we first came to the State. A gristmill had been built in Threadville, in 1835. A blacksmith by the name of Flavius Josephus Stanley, located near the gristmill in 1836, and set up his forge there. There was no other gristmill in that part of the country. Therefore all the farmers for many miles around, had to go to Threadville to get their grain ground, and they soon began to patronize Mr. Stanley's shop, my father among the rest.

My mother occasionally accompanied father when he went to the mill or the blacksmith shop and soon became acquainted with Mrs. Stanley and her eldest daughter, whose name was Ann Janette.

My father's youngest sister, Priscilla, came out from Massachusetts in the fall of 1835, and remained

with us a year. Smith and I were always left with her when mother went to Threadville.

In 1837, father was persuaded, much against his own better judgment, to take five hundred dollars' stock in the Bank of Genesee. Mr. Charles Haskell, the promoter of the bank, had managed to get two of our neighbors, Addison Stewart, and Warner Lake, both old acquaintances of my father, interested in his project, and the three of them came to get father to join them in the enterprise.

Father had no money to invest. "You need no money," said Haskell. "You can have stock for your note. You give me your note signed by yourself as principle and by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Lake as sureties, and I will issue to you bank stock, dollar for dollar." Continuing, Mr. Haskell said, "The banking business is very profitable. You will never have to pay either principle or interest. We will make the notes to run six years, and the dividends will more than pay the note when it becomes due. So, you see, you will get the stock free in six years."

Father hesitated, but when Stewart and Lake both offered to sign his note as sureties, if he would sign as surety for them, he yielded; gave his note for five hundred dollars, payable in six years, with interest at ten per cent, payable semi-annually, interest to be compounded if not paid when due. He also signed similar notes for each of the others.

This was a terrible mistake, for the bank failed in less than a year and the stockholders had to make the losses good.

In addition to this, the notes had been hypothecated by the bank officers, and they would have to be met when due.

In 1837, my mother began to cough and spit blood. Doctor Hoyes from Flint came and bled her, taking a pint of blood. He then directed her to take a fire shovelful of live coals, sprinkle rosin on the coals, and inhale the fumes. This she was to do daily as long as the cough lasted. She followed his directions for a time, but getting no better, quit.

The doctor came and bled her once, and sometimes, twice, each year thereafter.

My sister Julia was born Feb. 3, 1838. I do not remember who cared for mother at the time of the birth of Julia, but very shortly thereafter Ann Janette Stanley, then fourteen, came and helped mother all through the school vacation. Mother was well pleased with her.

The bank having failed, and the interest on father's note becoming due, and Warner Lake having put his property out of his hands, made hard times for father as, in addition to paying his own, he had half the interest to pay on Lake's note besides the bank loss. Mr. Stewart paid his own, and half of Lake's.

During the five years that we were on the farm, many settlers came in, so that by the end of 1839, our neighbors had increased to thirty families, the greater portion of whom lived between three and six miles from us, however.

Of these thirty families, twenty-six lived in log houses, none of which were as large or as comfortable as ours. Three of the other four families lived in small frame houses. The other family lived in a house that was a cross between the two, being in part a frame, and in part a log house.

This house was built on a farm of 160 acres. The farm was one-fourth of a mile wide and a mile long. It fronted west on the turnpike. A crossroad ran

along the north side of the farm. A small meeting-house stood on a corner of the farm opposite.

In the fall of 1839 the owner of this farm proposed to trade farms with father, offering to pay quite a little sum of money in addition to his farm, as father had much the largest place. Father accepted the offer, and was able to pay everything he owed, except the bank note and he paid the interest on that, also his share of the bank loss.

My parents were both very conscientious Christians. After father was baptized, he set up the family altar and we had family worship at least once a day. Father always tried to live up to his agreements. He was open-hearted and generous. He would sooner suffer loss than go to law to get what was justly due him. He once told me that he never sued but one man, and then paid the cost himself after getting judgment.

Father's health began to decline in 1838. He had inflammation of the eyes and was nearly blind for weeks. The doctor put a fly blister on the back of his neck, making a fearful looking sore, which was weeks in healing. Next he gave him calomel, salivating him so badly, that for several days his tongue was so swollen that it protruded from his mouth. Soon after recovering from the inflammation of his eyes, and the effect of the doctor's treatment, a chronic diarrhea set in, which lasted him for ten years.

Improper food during those first five years was the cause of the undoing of his health.

Our morning meal was almost invariably hot pancakes with bacon fat and molasses; our dinner always was, in part, of pork cooked in some of the various ways, fried, baked or boiled. We never had fruit, although we had melons, pumpkins and cucumbers in their season.

CHAPTER II

FATHER moved us onto the new farm in December, 1839. My sister Martha was born on the eighteenth of February, following,

Miss Ann Janette Stanley had proven herself such efficient help when with us two years previously, that mother had made arrangements for her help again at this time. She came to us about the first of March and stayed four months. Mother was very slow in getting up, and as Miss Stanley seemed to be both able and willing to look after everything, she left the entire care of the house and the children to her.

Miss Stanley was then only sixteen, but she was so careful, so kind to the children, so attentive to everything, and so respectful, both to herself and to my father, that mother really fell in love with her as a friend, and regretted her leaving.

Miss Stanley was desirous of getting as good an education as the schools within her reach could give. She therefore felt that she must resume her studies and returned to her school as soon as the term opened. They parted as very warm friends, but they never met again.

Mother was able to be up and do her work with such help as I could render, but she gradually failed until September 16, 1841, when she had a fearful hemorrhage from her lungs. Father was two miles away at the time. Smith and Albert were with him and I was at a neighbor's house just across the turnpike. Julia, then three and one-half years, and Martha, the babe of nineteen months, were alone with mother. Julia came for me and I hastened home. I found mother sitting in a chair and a pool of blood was on

the floor. I helped her to the bed, then ran a half mile to where a boy was harrowing in some wheat, and sent him, with one of the horses, for father.

In about an hour father came in. Mother's first words were, "Go for Ann Stanley. I want her and no one else." As soon as father could get mother fixed comfortably in the bed, he went for Miss Stanley, but he had to return without her, for she was twenty miles away teaching school and was not expected to be back before the last of October.

Mother then told father that she was sure she had but a few days to live, and she charged him to be sure and get Miss Stanley to come and care for the children, and to keep her as long as she would stay.

Hemorrhages occurred every day for eleven days and then mother passed away, September 27th.

There were then about thirty-six familes living within a radius of four miles, but in all these there was not a woman that could come to our help, nor was there in all these familes more than three girls that were over ten years of age and not one of these three could be spared from their homes.

The neighboring women were very kind in coming in and helping care for mother, but the care of the children fell to me. After the funeral, the neighbors left us to ourselves. We got along as best we could. I did the most of the cooking, although Smith helped all he could.

Toward the end of October, father went to Threadville to engage Miss Stanley if he could get her. She had returned from her school, but would not consent to come to our help, and he once more had to return without her. For a few days father was very much discouraged. His farm work was far behind and

needed every moment of his time. The house also needed fixing up for winter. The children's clothes were not suitable for the coming winter, and no help could be had.

About five weeks after the funeral, a family by the name of Trickey moved in and located on land two miles west of us. Mr. Trickey had a daughter who was sixteen; she was very large and strong for her age, and she wanted work for the winter while her father was building his house.

Father gladly hired her and placed her in charge of the house and the children, and then gave his whole time and attention to his farm work, which was far behind.

For a while things seemed to be kept in proper order in the house, but, as the winter advanced, Miss Trickey became careless and neglected the children, and the house also. Father took Miss Trickey to task for her neglect and asked her to clean things up. Instead of doing so, she packed her things and went home, leaving us to ourselves.

Father seemed almost distracted for a day or two, but in a few days he saddled a horse, and after telling me to take good care of the baby, and to be careful of the fire, he rode away and did not return until night drew on.

A week later, he did the same thing again. When he came back, he seemed much more cheerful. The next day or two were spent in cleaning the house and fixing things in proper shape.

A few days later, March 29, 1842, father hitched up his team, and drove away, after telling me to keep the children's faces and clothes clean, for, said he, "I expect to bring some one home with me when I return."

It was nearly night when he returned. We were all in the house engaged in play. Smith was the first to hear the wagon, as it drove up to the gate. He ran to the window, and looking out, exclaimed, "Father has come and he has a woman in the wagon with him."

We all ran out to see who had come with him. "Why, it is Ann Stanley," said I. I ran to the gate just as she jumped from the wagon, and said, "Hello, Ann. I am awful glad to see you." "So am I," "So am I," said the others; and "I am glad to see you Merritt, and you, Smith, and you, Albert, and you, Julia," she said, as she shook the hand of each of us. Then taking Martha in her arms, she said, "And is this Martha? How she has grown!" "Yes," said father, "she has grown, and so have all of them." Then, hearing us call her "Ann," he said, "Children, you must not call her 'Ann.' You must call her 'mother' for she is your mother now."

We were quite surprised by these words, and, looking at her, I asked, "Is that so, Miss Ann?" "Yes," said she. "I have come to be a mother to you all." "I am glad," said I. "So am I," each of the others repeated. Miss Stanley then sealed the compact by giving Martha and Julia each a kiss. After taking some things from the wagon, we went in, and she put her things away, then, speaking to me, she said, "Merritt, if you will build a fire, I will get some supper."

It was quite dark when father came in from the barn, bringing a bucket of milk with him. Our supper of cornmeal mush and milk was soon eaten, and then, after father had read a chapter in the Bible, and had invoked the blessing of God upon us and our home, we children retired.

When we were up and dressed the next morning, we found that our new mother had the breakfast ready on the table.

Two or three days later, mother, as I now called her, made an inspection of the entire farm, including the house and barn and the stock.

In the evening, the following conversation, as near as I can recall it, between her and father, took place:

M.—"I have been on a tour of inspection today."

F.—"What did you inspect?"

M.—"Everything. The farm—the house, the barn, the cows and young cattle, the pigs and the chickens, the tools, the orchard, and the horses."

F.—"Well, how do you like the looks of things?"

M.—"The house needs to be finished, but there is no hurry for that. Everything else appears all right, only I did not see any sheep, nor any clover hay. Have you no sheep?"

F.—"No, I have no sheep."

M.—"I wish we had some. Stocking yarn is very dear. If we had a few sheep, and a wheel, I could spin all the yarn needed for stockings for the family. My grandmother Simons has a wheel for spinning flax and all of her sons wear trousers made of flax that she has spun. Can't you buy a few sheep in time for shearing this spring?"

F.—"I do not know of any sheep that can be bought. There are only a very few in all the country, and what few there are are not the kind that would suit me, for the wool is coarse and the fleece is very light."

M.—"I am sure it would be the best investment you could make, if you were to get a few sheep. They

increase so fast, and the wool would help pay off the interest on that note and pay the note too."

F.—"That is true, but I would have to go, or send, to York State to get the sheep, and it is too late for that now."

M.—"Don't you think clover is better for cows than red top or timothy?"

F.—"Well, yes, but there is no clover raised in these parts and no seed to be had."

With this, the conversation ended. This was the first week in April.

About three weeks later, after the breakfast was over, father asked mother to go out to the pasture with him, saying he had something to show her.

I went along. On reaching the pasture we saw a band of eighteen sheep, all fine wool merinos. Instead of being bald on their legs, necks and bellies, as the few sheep in the neighborhood were, they were thickly covered with fine wool, from the end of the nose to the hoof.

"Whose sheep are those?" mother exclaimed.

"Ours," my father replied. "You said we must have some sheep, in time for shearing this spring, and here they are."

"Tell me all about it," said mother. So he told her. One of our near neighbors, a Mr. Walkley, had a relative living near Buffalo in the State of New York who was intending to come to Michigan and he had written to Walkley asking if he could sell a few sheep if he brought some with him. Walkley wrote him to bring fifty for him. So the relative brought one hundred, thinking he could sell the other fifty after getting there. Father first learned of this by meeting the man

between Flint and Walkley's farm, as he was driving the sheep.

Seeing what the sheep were, and being told that fifty of them were for sale, and finding that the price was reasonable, he engaged right then and there to take eighteen, of which seventeen were ewes, and one a ram. He then borrowed the money and the next day the sheep were divided and he brought his home in the evening so as to give us all a surprise in the morning.

Mother was very happy, and began to study for the future.

Mother's grandmother Simons lived four miles from us, with her son, Joseph. She had two other sons, Asher and Willard, and a daughter, Sarah, all of whom lived with her and Joseph.

As the time for shearing the sheep drew on, father sent me to ask Asher to come and help wash the sheep. I was to go afoot and alone, but as the team was not busy, mother asked father to let me go with the team, and she would go along and visit her grandmother. Her principal reason for wishing to go, was that she might find out something about spinning.

Her grandmother had no wheel for spinning wool, but she told her that a Mrs. Wolf, who lived two miles north of our home, had both a wheel for spinning wool and a loom for weaving cloth. We drove home and a few days later drove the sheep to the river, where father and Asher washed the sheep, and Smith and I washed some of the largest lambs. After the sheep were sheared, mother had eighty pounds of clean, fine wool, and in the fall we had a flock of forty sheep and lambs, several of the ewes having raised twins.

When the neighbors learned of father's success as a sheep raiser, they all wanted sheep. He could have

sold the eighteen old ones for all they cost him, and still have the 80 pounds of wool, and the twenty-two lambs left, but he had no sheep to sell.

Father found mother gave such good counsel about the sheep that he was ready to listen when she asked him to sow clover, as will be seen in the next chapter.

After the sheep were sheared, mother asked father to let me take the team and drive her over to see Mrs. Wolf. She took the children all along.

She then made arrangements with Mrs. Wolf to spin what stocking yarn she would need, and to spin and weave a web of cloth for skirts and petticoats for herself and the two girls and a large shawl five by six feet for herself, and one three by three feet for each of the girls. Mrs. Wolf was to take her pay in wool.

Smith, Albert, and myself had never had a regular sack coat, but our new mother cut and made one for each of us, and a pair of trousers, also, using blue jeans, or denim, cloth. These were to be our Sunday school clothes. We felt very proud, both of our clothes and our mother, for we were the best dressed of any of the boys who attended Sunday School, for the others all wore plain waists.

As harvest time drew near, mother asked me to go with her to the grain field and she showed me how to select and cut straws for a hat. She said that she would teach me how to plait them, and that when I had them plaited she would sew the braid into a hat.

A few days later, I managed to cut my foot with an axe, cutting it so badly that my father had to carry me to the house. I was laid up three weeks with this cut, during which mother cared for me as kindly and as carefully as though I had been her own son. I learned to plait the straws, and she sewed, shaped, and

pressed the hat, the first she had ever made or seen made of straw.

My stepmother was a very observing woman. Whenever she saw something that was new to her, and which she thought would be of service, she watched the making of it, if possible, or if not possible for her to see it made, she would examine it carefully and learn how it was made. It was in this way that she learned how to do many things besides making hats.

After the stocking yarn was sent home, her evenings were spent in knitting.

Her sewing all had to be done with a needle, and it required better light than that of a tallow dip.

When Mrs. Wolf had the weaving done, mother made up the skirts and petticoats for herself and the girls. She then had father get some "hardtimes cloth," a substitute for woolen cloth, and made us boys each a pair of trousers, and a "warmus" instead of a coat. The "warmus" was cut much like a shirt, only it was open all the way down in front and was not slit at the sides. It was wide and lapped in front, and was fastened with a belt. It was lined, as also were the pants, and was very warm. The "hardtimes cloth" was so-called because the times were so hard that but few could afford to wear woolen goods, which were very dear. The filling, or woof, of this cloth, was spun very coarse and very loose, and was dead black; the warp was white and was hard spun. Both were cotton.

In December of this same year, 1842, a man by the name of John Russell who owned and lived on a farm thirty-two miles from us, in Tyrone, made a proposition to trade farms with father, as his father had traded for the farm next adjoining ours.

Father went to Tyrone and looked the farm over, and the surrounding country. He was well pleased with the outlook and after consultation with mother, accepted Russell's proposition, and the exchange was made.

CHAPTER III

Our Home and Life in Tyrone

TYRONE was a township six miles square. Its inhabitants were limited to twenty-four families in 1842, all of whom were farmers and were scattered over the township. There was no church building and only two school houses in the township when we moved there in 1842.

Hartland township joined Tyrone on the south. It contained two little hamlets, in each of which there was a small gristmill, a store, a blacksmith shop, a schoolhouse and six or eight families.

One of these hamlets, Hartland Center, was four miles distant from the farm for which father traded. The other, Parshallville, was two miles away. There was a sawmill in Parshallville. A doctor lived in Hartland Center.

In addition to the families residing in Parshallville, Hartland Center, and Tyrone, there were only twenty or twenty-five families residing within a radius of six miles from our new home, all of whom were farmers, living in log houses. There was also one schoolhouse in Hartland township, three miles distant from our new farm.

The farm for which father traded, contained one hundred and sixty acres, eighty of which were in standing timber. Sixty acres were under cultivation. The remaining twenty acres were uncleared. The timber had been cut down but it still lay on the ground, and there was very much of it.

The house was the best house in the entire twelve miles square (144 square miles) above mentioned. It

was a frame building about 22 x 32 feet. There were four rooms, viz., a large living room, a parlor, two bedrooms and a large pantry on the lower floor, all of which, the living room excepted, were hard finished. The living room was lathed. There were two large, unplastered rooms upstairs. There was a brick fireplace at each end of the house, *i.e.*, in the living room and in the parlor.

There was a cellar under the whole of the house, the stone wall of which served as a foundation for the building. A well was handy at the back door, but it was seventy-seven feet deep. There was a frame barn 30 x 40 feet and a frame building 20 x 30 feet with stable for six cows in one end, the remaining portion being an open shed for young stock. There was a hay loft over the stable and shed. There was also stable room for six animals in the barn and a granary 12 x 12 feet, also a threshing floor 12 x 30 feet. There was a hay loft over all these, and a bay, or mow, as we called it, 16 x 30 feet for hay or grain.

The eighty acres of cultivated, and chopped over land was fenced in and cross fenced so as to divide it into six fields. There was an orchard of twenty bearing peach trees, and a hundred apple trees, nearly of bearing age. Such was the new home for which father had traded, and such were its conditions and surroundings, at the time he made the exchange.

When the time came to move to Tyrone, father moved his farming utensils and the major portion of his household goods first, leaving the stock and the family for the last.

A heavy snow fell while he was away with the first load, but the roadway was soon beaten down and we started with the cattle and sheep. A man engaged

for the purpose, went ahead with the two cows and a dozen head of young stock. Smith and I followed, driving the sheep. Father was to bring the family and the rest of the goods the next day. We drove the cattle and sheep twenty-two miles, to Fentonville, the first day. The next morning Smith was so lame and stiff that he could not get out of bed, and we had to leave him for father to bring along when he came. Smith was not quite nine, nor I quite eleven at the time. The hired man and I reached the farm by noon, and father arrived with the family before night.

The evening and the following day were spent in getting settled, after which mother made a survey of the entire premises. She was pleased with everything from the first and still more so, when she learned a few days later that we were ten miles nearer Detroit and Pontiac, the former being fifty miles distant and the latter twenty-five. These places were thirty-five and sixty miles from the former home.

The snow all melted off in a very few days after our arrival in Tyrone, and then mother went out again to see what was planted on the cultivated land. When she came in she said she had been in hopes of finding a field of red clover, but she was disappointed, as there was no clover on the farm, "No," said father, "there is no clover, nor is there any red top or timothy, nor is there any seed to be had short of Pontiac or Detroit. The country is new and the farmers all depend on marsh hay and straw to winter their stock on. It is poor stuff but cattle can live on it although they come out very thin in the spring, so thin in fact, that it is quite common in these parts to say of a thin animal that it is 'spring poor'."

A few days later mother told father that she had been thinking that if the farmers all depended on marsh hay now, they would all want clover as soon as they learned its value as hay and they would all want seed. "Now," said she, "if you get started to raising clover hay and seed you can readily sell all you do not need. I really feel that you ought to plant some as soon as the spring opens."

"Well," said father, "I will make inquiry about seed."

The schoolhouse nearest us was one and one-eighth miles distant and to this school Smith, Albert and I were sent. Father was busy chopping the cut-down timber into lengths for burning—cutting and splitting into fence rails everything that would split. There was an immense quantity of logs left, however, that would not split, which would have to be hauled together and burned. Father had a good horse team, one of which, the mare, was in the habit of kicking fearfully whenever she got her hind legs over the traces, which she frequently did when hitched to anything that had to be dragged along, like a harrow, or a log.

Seeing the mare kicking, with her leg over the traces as father was hauling some rails, mother said, "Father, you ought to get some oxen for that work. Why don't you trade the horses for oxen. I shall be in constant fear that you or one of the boys will get kicked to death by that animal."

The mare was a splendid animal, nine years old, and had no other fault, so father did not wish to part with her. Nevertheless, he listened to mother, and the following week he hitched up his team and drove over to a neighbor's, a Mr. Mapes, six miles away, to look at

a yoke of oxen he had which he wished to trade for a horse, having lost a valuable one a few days previously.

Father took me along. He was well pleased with the oxen,—they were perfectly broken in to drive by the word of command; they were very large and strong and walked as fast as horses.

Mr. Mapes did not want the mare. He preferred the horse as it matched his perfectly in size, shape, and color. He hitched our horse beside his own and gave it a trial on the road and also in dragging a heavy log on the ground. Being satisfied with the horse, he made father an offer of the oxen and some money—I forget how much—for the horse. Father hesitated, whereupon Mapes offered to throw in a yearling Durham bull. Father accepted this proposition. He then hitched the oxen to the wagon, tied the yearling, which would lead, behind the wagon, and put the saddle, which he had brought along, on the mare, for me to ride, and we started for home.

After going about a mile, father stopped the team and told me to get in the wagon and drive the oxen and he would ride the mare.

As he handed me the whip, he said, "The oxen are well broken in. You will not need to touch them with the whip. When you want them to turn to the right, say 'Gee,' to the left, say 'Haw,' to stop, say 'Whoa'." I had never driven oxen before, but these were so well broken that I had no trouble and drove them all the way home without getting out of the wagon, although I had to make two right angle turns, once to the left and once to the right, at crossroads.

Mother insisted on having some clover seed planted, so father sent to Pontiac and procured some clover seed in the chaff.

There were sixteen acres planted in winter wheat when we got the farm, and, about the first of March, father sowed the chaff on this sixteen acres. There had been a light fall of snow the day before he sowed it. The ground was just nicely covered with the white snow, and the clover chaff being nearly black, father could see just how evenly he was sowing the clover chaff.

When the wheat was harvested, we found that the clover had taken root finely, and was very even and thrifty.

I shall have more to say about that clover later on.

We had been in Tyrone but a few days before mother began to make inquiry of some of the neighbor women, to learn if there was any one upon whom she could depend to assist her in the near future.

A Mrs. Morgan, who lived two miles east and one mile south from us, was recommended to her.

I do not know how she and Mrs. Morgan met, but meet they did, and Mrs. Morgan agreed to come at her call.

About March 16, father came upstairs at midnight, and waking me gently, so as not to waken Smith and Albert, who were in bed with me, he asked me to dress as quickly as possible, and come down for he needed me. I did so.

When I got down stairs he took me outside, where the oxen were hitched to the wagon, and said to me, "Merritt, do you think you can drive over to Mr. Morgan's and get Mrs. Morgan? Mother is very sick. Do you know the way?" "Yes, father," I replied. "I

know just where they live. I have been there once." "The night is very dark,—there is no moon just now," said father. "I can find the way. I have only three turns to make," said I.

So off I drove, sitting in the wagon all the way, except that I got out once and held my whip before the oxen's faces as we went down a short, but steep, hill. A half mile east of our house, the road made a sharp angle to the right; then a half mile south, it made an angle to the left, then the wagon trail, for it was no road, twisted around among the trees for one and three-quarters miles, to the road on which the Morgans lived, then it angled to the right. There were but two houses in the whole distance; the night was dark; I was not eleven years old, yet I made the trip safely and got back home before daylight, bringing Mrs. Morgan with me. Mrs. Morgan stayed with mother a day or two then I took her home.

About two weeks later I was sent to bring her again, by daylight this time, however. The following night, March 31st, my sister Mary Annette was born.

After father traded for the oxen, our team work was all done with them. I was taken out of school and put to hauling the logs together, while father chopped them. I will not record all the details of our summer's work,—suffice it to say, that we cleared fifteen acres. We planted five of them in corn and summer fallowed the rest, and fifteen acres besides; planted the orchard; one acre in potatoes; put in a few acres of rye, a few of oats, and pastured the rest. We all worked hard.

When we got our wheat cut and threshed, father was greatly disappointed for he only had 160 bushels from the whole sixteen acres. It was nearly half cheat.

We raised 400 bushels of potatoes, however, from the one acre that we planted. I often got a three gallon bucket full from a single hill.

As soon as mother was out of bed, she began to plan for her summer and fall work. She persuaded father into getting her a spinning wheel and also a cheese hoop and press. During the summer, she made some butter to sell (at 12½ cts. a lb.), fifteen or twenty cheeses, spun all the stocking yarn needed for winter stockings, made a straw hat for each of us boys and one for father, and spun yarn enough to make cloth for a full suit for the four of us, and frocks and petticoats for herself and the two girls. This cloth she hired woven and that for the suits for father and us boys was sent to the woolen mill at Milford, twelve miles away, to be dyed, fulled, teazled and sheared. The following year, 1844, she did the same.

In the winter of 1843-4, father decided to fence in the 80 acres of timber land as a pasture lot for the cows and the oxen, when not in use. The sheep and young stock ran at large. We now had, in addition to the yoke of oxen, two yoke of steers that we had broken in.

I was attending school that winter. Our farm fronted south on the township line road that separated Tyrone from Hartland. It also fronted west on a section line road, along which we children went to our school.

Hastening home from school one afternoon early in January, 1844, I discovered blood on the snow. It took but a moment for me to discover that the blood was in the foot track of a man, and the tracks came from where father had been chopping.

I ran home as fast as I could, following the blood

tracks in the snow right up to our door. Upon entering, I saw my father lying on the floor, his face white and drawn. His foot was elevated in a chair and mother was trying to stop the bleeding by using ice cold water. "Merritt," said she, "go to Hartland Center for Dr. Clark. Go as fast as you can. I fear your father will bleed to death."

"Bind his foot as tight as ever you can," said I, as I started for the barn to put the saddle on the bay mare we still owned. I rode to Hartland Center, four miles away, as fast as the mare could carry me. Dr. Clark met me at the door. "Doctor," said I, "come with me quick. My father has cut his foot and is bleeding to death."

The doctor put a saddle on his plug of a horse, and we hurried as fast as he could make his plug go.

When we got home we found father sitting in the rocking chair, his foot elevated in a chair. Mother had bound it very tightly. The bleeding had nearly ceased, although a little blood still oozed through the bandage.

Dr. Clark removed the bandage, and exposed a cut three inches and a half in length, on the top side of the foot, and three-fourths of an inch long on the sole, where the corner of the ax went through.

Dr. Clark knew nothing of surgery, and had no surgical instruments. He said the only way he could stop the bleeding was by binding on a piece of the soft spongy substance found on the flesh side of sole leather. He then asked if there was a shoemaker near us. "No," said father, "but I have a piece of sole leather in the house, somewhere." "I know where it is," said I, and running up stairs I found it and brought it to the doctor. By this time, the wound was bleeding

very freely. Instead of picking up the blood vessel and tying it, and then sewing up the wound, he stripped off a piece of the spongy part of the leather, and laid it on the open cut, and bandaged it up. He told mother to wash the cut out daily with castile soap and warm water, and to apply the leather sponge dressing daily.

The wound was nearly two months in healing, which it finally did by granulation, but it is a wonder to me now that it ever healed, for that piece of sole leather had been laying around for several years and must have been loaded with germs. The wound gaped nearly a half inch and swelled fearfully for a month. After it was finally healed, there was a wide scar left. Had the doctor let it alone, as mother had fixed it, it would have healed in a month.

In the early summer of 1844, if I remember the date correctly, father was summoned to court in Flint, to appear as defendant, the bank stock notes having become due and both his note and Lake's remained unpaid.

He had traded the bay mare for a brood mare, which now had a young colt, so he had to walk to Flint. His work was so pressing that he worked in the field all day; then, after night had set in, he started afoot and alone for Flint, arriving there just at daybreak.

He appeared in court on time, and the matter was fixed up so that he got an extension of time. I think he gave a new note and took up the old one. It was about night when the business was finished and he started for home, walking again all night and arriving just as mother had breakfast ready for us.

Father had put in 20 or 25 acres in wheat in the fall of 1843. He bought clover seed in chaff and sowed on this wheat field in the month of March, 1844. In

the summer of this same year he cut a heavy crop of clover hay from ten acres that he first sowed, getting twenty tons. He then sowed gypsum, or plaster, as we called it, using one barrel of 400 lbs. on the ten acres. He then let the second crop go to seed, and from this got thirty bushels of cleaned clover seed, besides enough to seed twenty acres in the spring of 1845.

The clover seed sold readily for five dollars a bushel.

In 1846, he began to plow under his clover fields that had been mowed two years, with the result that land which had only produced ten bushels of wheat, and some that had produced only eight, finally produced forty bushels to the acre.

So much for mother's judgment of the worth of clover. Her judgment of the worth of sheep proved equally good, for his flock soon increased to a hundred, and thereafter he had a good band of sheep to sell every year, mostly at $1.50 per head. But each year he sold a few stock breeders at five dollars per head.

There was no sale for either corn or potatoes, yet he raised both for feed, boiling the potatoes and fattening his pigs on them. He fed corn to them the last few weeks to harden the pork. He also fed corn to his teams.

I must now return to mother's work.

In the summer of 1844 she did her usual housework, her butter- and cheese-making, her spinning, our knitting, and sewing. She did the same also in 1845, although the birth of Laura in August interfered somewhat with it.

In 1846 there came a change.

The note that father had given in place of the old

bank stock note, had become due, but father could not pay it. The note had passed into other hands and the holder thereof came with a sheriff to attach the farm, he having sued and got judgment on the note. I remember the sheriff and the man very well. I also remember how distressed father was. He told me afterwards that the case looked so hopeless that he felt like tossing up a penny and letting it decide whether he should give up all and let the man have the farm, or whether he should try and arrange for more time. Mother was for making one more effort, the holder of the note having proposed to give two or three years more time if father would pay up the interest and give a mortgage on the farm. This mother advised him to do, for she still had faith in the sheep and the clover.

Father paid the interest and gave a mortgage on the farm, and the men left.

Soon after this, mother asked father to get a loom built for her. He wanted to know what she would do with a loom.

"I intend to weave what cloth we need for clothing and also enough for sheets for the beds in winter."

"Why Ann," said father, "you could not put the yarn in the loom, nor weave the cloth, either, for you do not know how."

"You get me the loom and you will see that I do know how," said she.

Father was very loath to get it, telling her that she had more work now than she could do.

"I know it," said she, "but Nancy Westervelt, a very bright girl my own age, has promised to work for me all summer for a dollar a week, if I will teach her how to spin." Mother would not take "No" for an

answer, and, by the time the wool was carded, another spinning wheel had been procured and she and Nancy were spinning yarn for the cloth.

Before the spinning was finished, the loom was brought home and set up in the parlor. As soon as a sufficient quantity of yarn for a web of cloth was ready, mother put it in the loom, first winding the right number of threads on the beam at the back of the loom, then passing them, one by one, through the harness, and the reed, and then fastening it to the beam in front, on which the web of cloth was to be wound. She then tried the treadles to see if the threads were all right in the harness. She found that they were. I well remember how pleased she looked when she called father in to see her weave.

"Well, I give it up," said he. "I did not think you would succeed without having some one to show you how to do it."

Mother's weaving proved a success, as also did everything else she put her hand to. She not only wove plain cloth, but she taught herself how to weave one other kind, which was in three colors, red, yellow and brown. She dyed the yarn herself, using logwood chips, a tropical product, for red; butternut bark for brown, and yellow oak bark for yellow. She dyed the stocking yarn blue with indigo.

She wove our cloth every year for three years,—until the sheep and the clover had paid the last cent of father's indebtedness, plastered the house throughout, built a large addition to the house, for a kitchen and woodshed, and had paid for a two-seated, light spring wagon, for summer use; a double bobsledge, or sleigh, with seats for eight, and two strings of

sleigh bells, for winter riding,—then she stopped weaving.

I must now tell how the sheep and the clover did all this.

The clover gave us all the hay we needed for feeding our sheep and cattle, and from eight to ten tons to sell yearly, at from $8.00 to $10.00 per ton. It also gave us from $100.00 to $150.00 worth of cleaned seed to sell. The clover which we plowed under so enriched the land that we had six and sometimes eight hundred bushels of wheat to sell, instead of only one or two hundred, as at first.

The sheep gave us four pounds of wool per head, generally. Some gave five or six pounds, which generally brought thirty-five to forty cents a pound, and one year brought forty-six cents.

Father and mother were both careful managers and from the time the mortgage was put on the farm, they worked like slaves.

As a result of their management, they had four or five harvests every year. In February and March, they had a crop of clover seed for sale. In July, a crop of wool and a band of mutton sheep were ready for market. In August, September and October, the wheat was marketed. In November or December, from ten to twenty fat porkers weighing never less than 200 pounds and sometimes 350 pounds after being dressed, were either butchered and sent to market or sold on foot to the drovers.

In addition to this there were the hay and the apples.

Father and mother both had large hearts, hearts that could feel for others' sorrows. They had both

drunk of the bitter waters of adversity and knew just how others felt when made to drink thereof.

When mother decided not to do any more weaving, the loom was taken apart and removed from the parlor.

As I was helping take it apart, I said, "I suppose you will sell the loom now you have no more use for it."

"Indeed, I shall not," she replied. "I still have use for it."

"What use will you make of it, mother?" I asked.

She then named a poor widow who had several children to support, but no means. She then said that she intended to give the loom to her if she wanted it, she being a good weaver, but having no loom. Mother gave her the loom.

Another incident:

After mother began to do her own spinning for cloth, she had to have a seamstress in the fall to help do the sewing. She could get the help of several different women, but she made choice of a girl about 24 (Polly Conklin), who had been a cripple from the age of twelve, both her knee joints being ankylosed and her legs bent. She employed this girl often. Her father was an old man and very poor, although he was both a farmer and a blacksmith. He was not only a poor man, but also a poor farmer, and a poor blacksmith, for he was nearly blind. He had two sons and seven daughters, Polly, the cripple, being the eldest of the family. The boys were too young to do any blacksmithing, or to farm properly. Three of the girls were under six years. In the winter of 1848, mother went over to Mr. Conklin's to get Polly to come and do sewing for her. She saw the three little girls; pale little

puny things they were. They looked half starved, as indeed they were. The two youngest were crying.

Taking the youngest on her knee and putting her arm around the other as she stood beside her, she asked them what they were crying for. "I want some milk," they both said, "and we have no cow." Their mother then told us that they had lost their only cow several weeks ago and that they had no way by which to procure another.

When we returned home, mother told father all about it. "Well," said father, "at the close of my talk to the people tomorrow, I will mention the matter to the audience, and I think we can get money enough to buy a cow for them."

There was a fairly good attendance at the meeting the next day and father, before dismissing the people, told the story of Mr. Conklin's children crying for milk. He then asked all who were willing to help get them a cow, to let him know. There was no response. After the meeting was closed, he asked several well-to-do men, all good Methodists, to contribute toward getting a cow for, as he stated it, "the poor children who were crying for milk," but not a cent could he get.

The next morning we had hot corn bread, johnny cake, and milk for our breakfast, of which we were all very fond. As we were eating mother said, "I wish those poor children had some milk. Can't we spare one of our cows?" Father said, "We really have but one cow now. The two old cows are about dry, and will be quite so in a couple of weeks, as they are coming in, in the course of a month."

I think you had better let Merritt take the spotted heifer over to them," said mother.

The spotted heifer was our best cow. She was four years old,—her second calf was now about six weeks old and quite fat. We had expected to slaughter it for veal and to get the rennet for cheese-making, as we did not care to raise it.

Father thought a moment, then turning to me, he said, "Merritt, after breakfast you may take the spotted heifer over and turn her loose in Mr. Conklin's yard, then go in and tell Mrs. Conklin that her children need not cry for milk now."

I did so. The Conklin family was very happy. I walked back three miles to our home and reported and then the Kellogg family was happy.

A few days later, two of the good Methodists, men that father had asked to assist in buying a cow, came to our house and spent from 8 P.M. until 10 P.M. in a vain endeavor to show father how hypocritical he had been in giving Mr. Conklin a cow. "You know," said Peter Becker, "that you acted the part of a hypocrite. You did it all for show and to get the name of being generous."

Mr. Becker was a Methodist class-leader. Amos Dexter was a leading Methodist, also.

They both labored hard for two hours to show father the error of his ways, but he answered them never a word. Whereupon, they "turned him over to the buffetings of Satan," as they said, and left.

After they had left, mother got the mop and mopped up from the floor and hearth a great pool of tobacco spittle which Mr. Becker had expectorated, he having smoked twelve pipefuls of tobacco while there.

Another incident:

A Mr. Humphey Church owned a forty acre tract

of land adjoining our farm on the north. He had a good log house, and the most of his land was under cultivation. He had a wife and two boys, both too young to work. He had been running up a store bill for a couple of years, until it amounted to $250.00. He had been sued, and judgment had been given against him. The sheriff had come with an attachment and had levied on his farm. It was to be sold to satisfy the debt. The farm would actually have been worth $600 in gold, had it been on a public road, but, unfortunately, it lay eighty rods back from any road.

Believing that the land would be bidden in by the creditor for the amount of the debt, leaving Mr. Church homeless and penniless, father, after consulting with mother, went to Mr. Church and offered to lend him the $250.00 at a low rate of interest, Church to give his note payable in one year, the note to be secured by a mortgage on the farm. Mr. Church gladly accepted the offer. The mortgage was made in my name.

At the end of the year, Mr. Church could not pay either principle or interest. Father then gave him the interest, $17.50, and gave him another year. At the end of the year, he could not pay either principle or interest, so father forgave him the whole debt, had the mortgage discharged from record, gave him back his note, and Mr. Church was out of debt to us. Mother was quite agreeable to this.

I must refer to the doctors again.

My sister Emma Francis was born Sept. 13, 1847. She died August 29, 1849, after a very short illness. She was taken so suddenly and so violently ill, that father and mother thought it necessary to send for a physician. Dr. Clark, who maltreated father's foot, was now dead (he died of smallpox). A Dr.

Beard had come into Hartland Center and I was sent to call him. When he came he said it was only a case of worms, and that he could get the child up in a day or two. Mother disagreed with his diagnosis. She told the doctor that she believed it to be a case of inflammation of the lungs. "No," said the doctor, "it is worms. See how white she is about the mouth and nose."

"Yes, Doctor," said mother, "but, see how short her breath is."

"Babies always breathe short and quick," said the doctor. "Her lungs are all right. It is only worms that ails the child."

They treated the child for worms, for a few days and then it died.

Shortly after the child was dead, mother told father that, for the sake of the other children, she would really like to know whether she or the doctor was right. She still believed that it was lung fever that killed little Emma Francis.

The Doctor was sent for. Father and mother were both present when he made his post-mortem examination. No worms were found but the lungs were very much inflamed.

Father and mother were both very much disgusted with the medical skill, or the lack of medical skill, I should say, of the doctor.

Hearing of the "Water-Cure System," they subscribed for the *Water-Cure Journal,* and read it for two years, but had no occasion to put it into practice until 1850.

In 1850, Albert contracted the measles. Father and mother both thought of using the water cure treatment but hardly dared do so, as Albert's cough

was severe and his flesh hot. They isolated him and sent to Parshallville for a doctor who had lately settled there. He came and treated Albert, but he did not get along well.

A few weeks later a regular epidemic of measles ran through the neighborhood, and all of father's children except myself were down with them. I had had them when a babe in Hadley, Mass.

When the rest of the children had this disease, mother kept them warm in bed until it was about time for the measles to come out, then they were put into cold wet-sheet packs, and kept there as long as they felt comfortable. They were then taken out and in every case the measles came out beautifully. They were then put into bed and kept warm, and they had plenty of fresh air. They were in bed less than half the time that Albert was and there was no after trouble.

There is one incident in mother's life that occured in the summer of 1847, that I have omitted to mention.

Father had a three-year-old filly that had become very docile by reason of being in foal. This filly was the only piece of horse-flesh that he then owned that was old enough to work or ride, and she had never had a harness, or a person, big or little, on her back.

It was haying time and father had ten acres of hay cut, ready to be winnowed and cocked up. He had made a rude rake ten feet wide, with teeth twenty inches long and he put in two old plow handles with which to handle it. When all was ready, he put a harness on the filly, lengthened the tugs with two ropes which were tied to the ends of the rake, and, with this rude affair, he, handling the rake, and I, leading the filly, put twenty tons of hay into windrows in

short order. The filly worked as steadily as an old horse.

The following Sunday a new Methodist minister was to preach in the schoolhouse and we all wanted to hear him. Father proposed to take us with the oxen and wagon, but mother said, "No." She would ride the filly and carry Laura, then a babe, in her lap. "The rest can walk," said she.

"All right," said father. "The filly is gentle enough, I think. Merritt can lead her."

The filly was brought out with a man's saddle on her back, the right-hand stirrup was thrown over onto the left side, mother mounted, took Laura in her arms and rode to church, but she would not let me lead the filly.

Mother was a brave woman, but there was one thing that for several years was a terror to her and that was the well. Our well was seventy-seven feet deep. It was curbed in from top to bottom with stone, eight to ten inches in diameter. We drew the water with a rope, which was passed through a pulley, a bucket being hung at each end, so that when there was a bucket at the top, there would be one at the bottom, which would come up as the other was lowered.

One day the rope broke as father was drawing water and both buckets and the rope went to the bottom. Father said he would climb down on the stone and tie a clothesline to each bucket, if mother would lower the lines to him. He got the clotheslines and then began the descent. As his head disappeared below the surface, mother was sick with terror for fear the stones might fall in on him and she ran to her room and prayed for his safety until he returned to the surface.

Father had to go to the bottom of that well to get the buckets, no less than four times in the first four years that we were on the farm, and mother was so frightened each time that it was hours before she could regain her usual composure and strength.

The rope broke when father was away, on one occasion, and as he would be gone several days, I had to bestir myself to get water. There was no other well or spring within a half mile of us. To climb down on the stone as father did, I dare not, nor would mother have permitted me to do so, if I had dared. While cogitating as to how to get the buckets, the idea occurred to me that if I were to lower the steelyards down into the water, I might be able to fish up the buckets. I thereupon lowered them and succeeded in hooking onto a bucket. After that, father did not have to go down again.

There are many other things that come to my memory, that would be interesting to write out in full, but I must forbear.

The first twenty-one years of my life were spent under my father's roof, and during all those years, I never heard, or knew of his telling an obscene or vulgar story, or using unbecoming language. I never saw him angry. I never knew him to call any of us children reproachful names, such as dunce, blockhead, etc., although he once said to me laughingly, "You are a goosehead, to ask such a silly question." This was in reply to some of my nonsense.

I was at home eleven years after mother came into our house to be a mother to me and the other four children, and in all those eleven years, I never heard her complain of having a hard lot, a hard row to hoe, or of being tired, or sick, of the job she had under-

taken; nor did I in all those years ever see her manifest anger or impatience toward one of us children or to father, although she did censure father once quite sharply.

This is how it came about: Our nearest neighbor, Richard Marvin, was having his wheat threshed. It took about fifteen hands to run the machine, handle the sheaves of wheat, put away the straw, and sack the grain. I was then sixteen. I had been pitching the heavy sheaves all the forenoon, and after dinner lay down on the unthreshed wheat to rest—five or six other men were lying there also. Others, among whom was my father, were sitting near by. Mr. Marvin was not present, however.

As we lay there, Willie Marvin, a lad of eight years, came to where I was lying and without the slightest provocation, struck me on my head with a nail hammer. The blow raised a lump as large as a hen's egg and it hurt me exceedingly. I jumped up, caught Willie, took him across my knee and spanked him with my open hand.

Willie ran crying to the house, and presently his mother came to the barn, leading the boy with one hand and with a camphor bottle in the other, and she gave the dozen men a good lecture for having allowed Merritt Kellogg to beat her little boy so. She then unbuttoned Willie's clothes and showed his backsides to the men. The men all laughed for, as one of them said, "Merritt must have spanked him good, for his backsides are as red as a spanked bottom," and so were Mrs. Marvin's cheeks as she led the boy away.

In the evening Mr. Marvin came over to our house and told father that he must horsewhip me. Father said that I had done nothing that he could punish me

for and said no more. Marvin talked a steady stream, telling father that he was upholding me in my cruelty, and demanding that I should be whipped. Father would not argue the case, and said nothing for ten or fifteen minutes, but, getting tired of Marvin's tirade, he finally said, "Mr. Marvin, I shall not punish Merritt. He only gave Willie what he deserved. If you think Merritt deserves a whipping, you will have to whip him. Take him and whip him all he deserves, but no more." Marvin cooled down at this and left.

After he had left, mother said to father, with some warmth, "I was astonished to hear you give Mr. Marvin permission to whip Merritt. I hope you will never again give any person permission to whip one of the children."

I will now bring my story to a close by saying that the memory of my stepmother is equally as dear and pleasurable to me as is that of my own mother or that of my father, for she was a noble woman, a kind and loving mother, an earnest Christian, and a genuine heroine.

FINIS

Healdsburg, California, July 6, 1914.

A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER

FATHER had always voted the Whig ticket up to 1840, when William Henry Harrison was nominated; then he bolted and joined the Abolitionists, and voted the Abolition ticket straight. Not because he had anything against Harrison, but because he could not approve of the log cabin, hard cider, and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" way of electioneering, as the Whigs carried it on.

After the Fugitive Slave law was passed, father became a station agent on the underground railroad and helped quite a number of slaves who were trying to get to Canada. I remember several black fellows that he helped. Sometimes they stayed over night. Mother was in full sympathy with father in this work, and aided him in it. She took just as much pains to get the meals for those poor fellows as she did for white folks.

No fugitive slave was ever refused assistance when he asked for it at our home, although our parents became liable to $1,000 fine and to imprisonment every time they gave help to runaway slaves.

While engaged in this philanthropic work for the slaves, father became acquainted with C. C. Foote, a Congregational minister, and a canidate for Vice President on the Abolition ticket. He sent out to Farmington to get Mr. Foote to go to Tyrone and preach, as he felt unable to keep up the work of holding service every Sunday, being only a lay member of the Congregational Church at Hartland Center. Mr. Foote came to Tyrone every four weeks, preaching Sundays

in the schoolhouse one mile north of our house. At the end of six months, he preached his farewell sermon, then called father forward and ordained him as a minister, before, and in the presence of his neighbors.

Father was ever an earnest Christian—a praying Christian, a Christian with strong convictions, and the courage to act upon his convictions. He was a man of faith, also.

I never knew if mother had made an open confession of being a Christian before her marriage. I only know that she always acted like one and that soon after the birth of Mary, in 1843, she and father both became charter members of the Congregational Church at Hartland Center. There were only seven members, all told.

FINIS

Healdsburg, Cal.,
Mar. 17, 1915.

Mrs. Clara Butler,
and
Mrs. Emma Kellogg,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Dear Sisters, Clara and Emma:

I will now redeem my promise to write you an account of my trip overland from Battle Creek, Mich., to Marysville, Cal., in 1859. I shall have to ask you to excuse me for writing with a pencil as I am so nearly blind that I cannot write with ink without spattering the ink over my paper. You must also excuse poor writing for I cannot see a single word of what I am writing. As I write, I can only see the faintest shadow of a dark line. After writing a few lines, I read it with the help of a three and a half inch focus reading glass; but I cannot hold it and write at the same time. I have devised a frame in which I place my paper, to hold it in place. It has a movable crossbar with which I guide my fingers, to keep the lines straight. The frame is notched so as to enable me to space the lines at regular intervals. I presume that I will fail to cross all of the t's, and to dot all of the i's.

I will also say that when I left Battle Creek I had not the least idea of going to California, nor had I any idea as to where I would locate.

After residing in Battle Creek three years, I found it impossible for me to meet the necessary living expenses of my family, from what I could earn as employment was unsteady and wages low. This condition of the labor market, together with the occurrence

of an unfortunate and to me costly, affair, over which I had no control, and for which I was in no way responsible, made it expedient for me to seek a home in some other locality where employment would be more steady and more remunerative.

I therefore sold my little home, taking a pair of horses, harness, and a wagon, in part payment. Before locating in Battle Creek I had been living in Jackson, and as I had to settle a little business with Dan R. Palmer, an old and valued friend, I decided to visit him and see what prospects Jackson had to offer.

I accordingly sold all of my household effects except our bedding and a few cooking utensils, and a few carpenter's tools, and drove to Jackson. We reached D. R. Palmer's home the 20th of March, 1859, and stayed there three nights. After looking about and counseling with Mr. Palmer, I decided to go West, and locate in a new country. My wife perfectly agreed with me in this decision.

As the season was getting late for locating land and in time to put in a spring crop, I decided to go as far as Chicago by rail. On Sunday morning I went to the station of the Jackson and Adrian R. R. and chartered a freight car, into which I put my entire outfit of team, wagon, goods, wife and three children, the oldest of whom was a stepson, aged fourteen. The second child was a stepdaughter, aged eleven. The third and youngest was the son of myself and wife, and was two and a half years of age.

We had with us food sufficient for several days. I also put a bale of hay and a bag of oats for the team, into the car.

Our train pulled out of Jackson at 12 o'clock, noon, on the last Sunday in March, or the first Sunday

in April, I have forgotten which, and we started for Chicago by way of Adrian and the Michigan Southern R. R.

About three P.M., a heavy rain set in, and when we reached Chicago at ten P.M. it was still raining fearfully, with no prospect of a let-up.

I therefore arranged to have our car attached to the first train leaving Chicago for Iowa City.

My wife then arranged our beds for the night, using part of the hay. Our wagon bed was long enough for two beds end to end, and being three feet wide, made a fine place in which to sleep. We had a very comfortable night, more comfortable in fact than we had for many nights thereafter. We all soon fell asleep and no one awoke until after eight o'clock the next morning. When I awoke, I found that the train was at a standstill.

Opening the door to see where we were, I was horrified to see that we were on the edge of the north bank of the Illinois river, whose waters were a raging torrent, a hundred feet below us. The train was so close to the edge of the bank, that I feared that its weight would cause the bank to give way and plunge us all into the seething stream below.

We could see over the prairie for several miles in every direction from our train, but there was not a building of any description to be seen in any direction.

Upon going to the front to learn the cause of our stop, I found that the engine was off the track. The ground was so full of water that the weight of the engine had caused the track to settle on the side nearest the river, and, had not the engineer slowed the train down before reaching that spot, the whole train would probably have gone into the river.

We were detained about two hours at this point, then went on to Rock Island, crossed the Mississippi river on the draw bridge, having to wait on the bridge while a steamer passed through. After crossing to Davenport, our train was divided into two sections, to be pulled up the bluff, two engines being required to pull each section up the steep bluff. After getting to the top of the hill, we had level prairie, so our train doubled up and one engine then pulled us through to Iowa City, which place we reached just twenty-four hours after leaving Jackson.

After settling with the R. R. Co., I unloaded my stuff from the car, put my wagon together, loaded my goods into it and drove into the business part of the city, to learn, if possible, what the prospects were for my finding employment.

It did not take long for me to find that the entire population, in the city and in the country, also, was wholly absorbed with one topic only, and that was, how to get to the newly-discovered gold mines near Pikes Peak. Every kind of business was at a standstill. I was advised to join in the rush. This I could not do, for I had very little money. I must have employment immediately.

I was told that a railroad was in course of construction, which was to run from Iowa City across the state to Council Bluffs. My informant said that the contractor was at work about eighty miles west of the city and that in all probability I could get work with my team with him.

After talking the matter over with my wife, we decided to try for a job on the railroad.

After laying in a supply of food sufficient for us for a few weeks, we drove out of the city, and stopped

the first night at a farm owned by Samuel Everett, the only S. D. Adventist in the State of Iowa at that time.

Mr. Everett lived in a two-roomed house. Upon learning who we were, he invited us all in for supper and gave my wife the privilege of making a bed for herself and the two younger children, on the kitchen floor. Alvin and I slept in the wagon. The night was bitterly cold, ice forming an inch thick. Our teeth chattered most of the night.

The next morning, Mrs. Everett got us a good hot breakfast and fried a tin milk pan full of doughnuts for us to take along with us.

Mr. Everett advised us to go no further west, but as he could not show us how to make a living in or near Iowa City, we traveled on westward, and then our trials began. The frost was just coming out of the ground, the days being warm and pleasant, but the nights were very cold. A heavy emigration had set in for the Pikes Peak country, consequently, the roads were badly cut up and very muddy. One of my horses was small and short-legged, and he could not stand up to the road work. Very often I would get stalled in the mud and would have to get a passing team to pull our wagon out, having to pay fifty cents each time, generally once and sometimes twice a day.

Upon reaching the place where the R. R. was building, we found that all work was stopped, the contractor having abandoned the job, and the men had all left.

We had now reached a part of the state where the settlers were few and far between, generally from one to four, and sometimes ten miles between the houses, and no one wanted to hire help for any purpose, as they had no money to pay for it.

Things looked very dark for us where we now were, but we could see nothing but starvation or begging if we looked back to where we came from, so after another consultation with my wife, we decided to continue our way westward as far as to Elk Horn City, sixteen miles west of Omaha, Neb.

My wife had a brother, William Rawson, by name, who had settled down in Elk Horn City, after having accumulated a good purse of gold in mining in California, and after having sought a location in Missouri, in Kansas, and in Iowa. His wife had written glowing accounts of climate, the land, and the prospects in Nebraska. We therefore decided to trade our horses for oxen, if we could, and to travel on.

A day or two later, I heard that there was a man living four miles north from our road, who had oxen to trade for horses. Leaving my wife and the two younger children at a farm house where I learned of the cattle, I drove my team over to find the cattle, taking Alvin along with me. Finding the man and the cattle, I made a trade, getting three yoke of cattle, a two-year-old heifer, soon to come in, a fine feather bed, a good rifle and seven dollars in money—also the yokes and chains for the cattle. As soon as the trade was made, I hitched up the cattle, tied the heifer behind the wagon, put the bed and the rifle into the wagon and drove back to the road, getting there just before sundown. The next morning we started westward again.

One yoke of the oxen was too old to be very good, and they were very thin in flesh. Another yoke was not so old, but was quite thin. The third yoke was only four years old and was not well broken in to work, never having done much work. They were in fine

flesh, however. About eleven o'clock the first day I drove the cattle, the oldest pair gave out completely, so that I had to stop for two hours for them to rest and feed. At one o'clock P.M., I hitched up and drove on very slowly, stopping every mile or two to let the old cattle rest.

We did not pass a human habitation of any kind all day, nor did we reach one until two hours after sundown. The place we then reached was kept by a well-to-do farmer, who had many cattle, good buildings, and lots of hay and corn. He made his place a regular camping station for the Pike's Peak emigrants.

The next morning I discovered that this farmer had a yoke of six year old oxen that were in prime working condition, having worked all winter. They were very large, well broken and newly shod with iron shoes.

After breakfast I asked him for a trade. A half hour later I drove away with his oxen and my four-year-old pair, leaving with him the old pair, the two-year-old heifer, and the feather bed. I was now well fixed for a team. The new oxen were so well broken that when I took the yoke on my shoulder to yoke them up, the off ox would come to meet me, and when I had put the yoke on him, the ox that worked on the nigh, or left hand side, would walk up and place his neck under the yoke at my bidding, even if he was a hundred feet away. I put the young oxen on the wagon tongue, and the new pair on the lead and could sit on the front end of the wagon and drive them by word of command. I never had reason to regret trading horses for oxen after getting those.

The trip across Iowa was a very weary one. The nights were very cold and the road was very muddy

much of the way, especially in the river bottoms. Skunk River bottom was the worst of all. For two miles before reaching the bridge, the wagon was up to the axletrees and the cattle up to their bellies in mud. A hundred teams a day for many days in succession had made a mud hole a mile in width and two miles long, to the bridge. It took from two to six hours for teams to reach the bridge. I made a detour two miles around, traveling four miles to make two, and so escaped the worst mud, making the bridge in two and a half hours.

Feed for my team was very expensive all the way across Iowa. There were so many teams on the road and the farmers so few, that they put the price of both hay and corn up to five or six times what it had ever been before. I had to pay one dollar a bushel for corn in the ear, which was equal to two dollars and twelve cents a hundred pounds. Hay was as high in proportion.

I remember that as we neared Council Bluffs, we encountered a regular blizzard. We had camped on Friday night at a place where there was a lot of dead timber, some standing and some fallen down. We had both hay and corn for our teams, and decided to spend the Sabbath there, although it was only midafternoon. We always made it a point to camp over Sabbath at the first good camping place we came to on Friday afternoon.

After unhitching and feeding my team, I built a good big heap of logs ten to twelve inches thick and set fire to it. The first part of the night passed quite satisfactorily but about four o'clock the next morning a very high and cold north wind set in which increased in intensity and velocity until it became a regular

blizzard, lasting all day Sabbath. By three o'clock P.M., it became so cold, notwithstanding my big log fire, that it seemed as though my cattle would perish. I therefore hitched up and drove on for two hours before reaching a farm house. I there found shelter for my team in the shed and shelter for the night for my family in the house. This was our worst experience in Iowa.

A few days later we reached Council Bluffs and crossed the Missouri river on the steam ferry, there being no bridge, and landed in Omaha a little before sundown. Omaha was then a very small place.

We had hay and corn with us for our teams, and food for ourselves, which was very fortunate for us, for after paying the ferrage across the river, I only had a solitary ten cent piece left. My family consisted of five—self, wife and three children. I had two yoke of oxen, feed for teams and food for family to last one week, our bedding and clothing and a few carpenter tools. This was our entire outfit. Three weeks later, we again started on a westward trip which did not end until we reached Marysville, California, which we reached in the following September.

The next morning after reaching Omaha, we started for Elk Horn City, sixteen miles away, where we arrived soon after noon. We were doubly disappointed on reaching the place. First, the so-called city consisted of only three one-story cottages of only two rooms each, and a small shed for cattle near each cottage. These cottages were fully one-quarter of a mile apart. There were but three other houses in sight, although the country for several miles was level prairie. The nearest house was one and a half miles distant. This was disappointment number one. On

reaching my brother-in-law's house, I learned that he had joined the rush for Pikes Peak two weeks previously and therefore must be well on his way to the land of promise.

The state of my purse, which was so reduced that it contained but one solitary ten cent piece, made it absolutely necessary for me to find employment as speedily as possible.

Mrs. Rawson, my sister-in-law, could give me no information as to the labor market. I therefore called on the nearest farmer, one and a half miles distant, to get any information he might be able to give. He informed me that every man in the country for miles around, who could possibly do so, had raised a little money and left for the Pikes Peak Eldorado.

He could give me a couple of days' work, provided I could do carpenter work, if I had tools to work with and would take corn in the ear for pay, one bushel of corn to pay for one day's work. I had the tools and was glad to get the corn as the grass was only just beginning to start and my oxen must be kept in good working condition.

When the two days' work was completed, I drove over and got the two bushels of corn. The farmer could not direct me to any person who was in condition to give any one employment.

After consulting my wife, we decided that it would be best for me to go back to Omaha and accept the first honest employment that offered; my wife agreeing to be ready to join me in it, no matter what, or where it might be, only so that it was honest occupation.

We had now been at Elk Horn City about a week and our food was about gone. The next morning I hitched up my team and got a very early start for

Omaha, which place I reached by midday. I had taken food with me for myself and the one yoke of cattle that I took with me.

After watering and feeding my team, and eating my lunch, I started out to make inquiry for employment. The first man I met was a hotel keeper. He wanted to know what kind of employment I desired. I said, "I have two good yoke of oxen and a wagon and I would like to work them on a farm, or in teaming on the road." I also told him that I could do a good job of any kind of carpenter work, and that I had tools sufficient to build a house with.

Upon hearing my statement, he said, "You make yourself contented for one hour; I am about selling my hotel. I shall know in one hour whether I sell. If I do sell, I shall have team work for some one."

I called on him again at the end of an hour, when he informed me that he had sold his hotel. (It was more of a drinking saloon than anything else, although it contained a couple of beds for the accommodation of transient lodgers.)

This man was Capt. Parks, a brother-in-law of A. B. Pearsall, formerly of Grand Rapids, but afterward a resident of Battle Creek. Capt. Parks had formerly owned and run a small steamer between Grand Rapids and Grand Haven.

When I called on him at the end of the hour, he told me that he and a Mr. Van Dusen were going to Pikes Peak and they wanted eight hundred pounds of food and other supplies taken through. They would pay ten cents a pound to have it freighted through provided I would take a heavy freight wagon in part payment, allowing forty dollars for the wagon. On examining the wagon, I found it too heavy for two

yoke of oxen, as it would weigh fully a ton. I found, however, that I could sell the wagon for twenty dollars, cash. This would give me sixty dollars cash in advance for taking the eight hundred pounds of freight. I therefore closed a contract with him and Van Dusen.

Two other men offered to pay me twenty dollars in advance if I would take two hundred pounds through for them. This gave me eighty dollars with which to purchase a supply of things such as my family would need.

We were to start from Omaha as soon as I could go to Elk Horn and get my other yoke of oxen and return. I left Omaha Friday morning and returned the following Sunday.

On Monday I loaded the thousand pounds of freight, took possession of the big wagon which I then sold for twenty dollars cash, and then receipted for the sixty dollars cash that the two contracting parties paid me in advance, and bought my own supplies and canvas and poles for a 12 x 12 foot tent. This was the first Monday in May. I got everything on my wagon and started for Elk Horn about three o'clock in the afternoon, arriving there before midnight.

My wife and I set to work the next day and made the tent. As soon as it was completed we started for the land of gold. While I was away after the goods, my wife arranged to leave Alvin, my stepson, with Mrs. Rawson, until we should get settled in the Pikes Peak country, if we should decide to locate there.

While working on the tent, three savage looking Indians dressed in their war costumes, their faces painted with vermilion, and their heads shaven close, all but a narrow tuft of hair on the crown of the head, which was braided so as to form a queer looking tas-

sel. All three of these Indians were big strapping fellows and seemed to me as rather dangerous fellows. They were the first Indians we had seen for many years.

One of them could speak a little English. He wanted powder and bullets to shoot Sioux Indians. He was a Pawnee, he said, and the Pawnees were at war with the Sioux. It is needless for me to say that they got no ammunition from me.

One and a half miles west of Elk Horn City, we crossed Elk Horn River on a government built bridge. We traveled sixteen miles the day we left Elk Horn City, camping for the night on the banks of a small stream called Rawhide Creek. Before leaving Omaha, I had procured a little booklet entitled "The Overland Guide." In this booklet the various camping places, and places where food and water could be found, were so well pointed out that we could readily find them and could foresee dangers and many of the difficulties we would have to encounter.

The little booklet gave the following account as the reason for naming the creek Rawhide.

This is the story:

"In first or second year of overland travel to California, a small company of twelve or fifteen men camped for the night on the east bank of Elk Horn River. Soon after camping one of the party reported that he had seen an Indian on the opposite side of the river. There was a rash youth, of eighteen or twenty years, who declared that if it had been he who saw the Indian he would have shot him. He also declared that he would shoot the first Indian he saw. His father told him he better not shoot any Indian except in self-defense.

"The next morning this youth was sent out to gather the oxen for a start across the river, which then had to be forded, there being no bridge. While bringing in the cattle, he spied an Indian woman on the opposite side of the river. He thereupon deliberately leveled his rifle at her and shot her dead. He said nothing about it to the rest of the party, however.

"After fording the river, the party drove on sixteen miles to a creek and camped for the night. Soon after camping, they were surprised to see a large party of Indians, a hundred or more, coming towards them. Every Indian was armed. A few had guns, but the greater number were armed with bows and arrows, hatchets and scalping knives. All were painted in war colors.

"One of the Indians, who could speak English, demanded that the man who shot the woman in the morning, be delivered up to the Indians for punishment.

"All denied at first, any knowledge of the matter. The Indians soon made the party understand that every man of them would be killed if the guilty party was not pointed out. The father of the rash youth who did the horrid deed had learned from his son what he had done, but had kept the matter to himself. He was now obliged to tell the others and the murderer was pointed out to the Indians, who then took the young man, stripped him of his clothes and skinned him alive with their scalping knives. From that time on the creek was called Rawhide Creek."

Our course from Elk Horn bridge to Rawhide Creek was south-westerly, but at this point we turned directly west and proceeded up the north side of Platte River, which was about three miles distant.

The five men for whom I had freight had not joined us yet as they were not ready to leave Omaha when I left. They overtook us a few days later, however.

The grass had got started when we left Elk Horn, so we did not have to carry feed for our cattle.

We met with no mishap nor with anything worth recording between Rawhide Creek and the mouth of Loup River, a distance of about eighty miles. The road was good, feed was plenty, the days pleasant and the nights not uncomfortably cold. Our road generally ran from one to three miles from the north bank of the Platte River, which was from one to two miles wide and quite shallow at that time of the year, so as to be fordable in places. As a general thing, the country appeared to be quite level, so level, in fact, that we could hardly believe that we were going uphill all the time, and that every night found us in a higher altitude than the preceding night, yet such was the case. Occasionally we would find a slight rise in the road from which we could see miles ahead and miles in the rear—up and down both sides of the Platte. From these points, we could always see strings of white covered wagons on both sides of the river, some far ahead, some far behind, but all moving westward.

As we neared the Loup river I was greatly surprised one day to meet William Rawson, my brother-in-law, hurrying back to Elk Horn City. He reported the rush to Pikes Peak as being premature. He had met reliable acquaintances, old California miners, who had gone out to the Pikes Peak country the year before and had wintered there. They reported that but little gold had been found, and that in only a few places. They also reported that there were hundreds

there who would leave as soon as they could get food to subsist on while on the way back. He advised me to turn about at once. This I could not do, however, without the consent of the parties for whom I had freight and they were still behind. I therefore decided to drive on to Columbus, a small town on the Loup river, sixteen miles ahead and go into camp until my party should overtake me, which they did in a day or two.

None of the men wished to go back and after talking the matter over with my wife, we decided that we would not better our situation by going back. Then again, it seemed to us as though the Lord was leading us, although it was by a way we knew not.

At Columbus we came in touch with several parties who, like myself, had traveled separately and independently of all organized regulations. At Columbus we found the Loup river too deep to ford, and had to cross on a ferry. The river bottom was quicksand. The ferry boat could only run half way across the river on account of a shoal. Beyond the shoal the water was three feet deep for a hundred and fifty feet and the bottom of such floating quicksand that if a man, or a beast, or a wagon stopped still for a minute, the sand would wash away and he, or it, would sink. We therefore had to have teams enough hitched to each wagon to pull it across without stopping after it left the boat. From four to six yoke of oxen were required to do this, according to the weight of the wagon. There were a good many wagons to cross the morning I crossed. All of the men were very accommodating and helped each other, so that we got across without any mishap.

NOTES CONCERNING THE KELLOGGS

When I engaged to take the freight through to Pikes Peak I drew up a contract in which it was expressly stated that the team and wagon were to be at all times under my control and that we would not travel on Saturday, as that was the Sabbath day. All parties agreed to this and Capt. Parks signed the contract, he being the chief man of the party of five.

The first Friday night after leaving Columbus, we camped at a fine place in which to spend the Sabbath, expecting to remain there until Sunday morning. All parties were agreed to do so, until a wagon came up and camped near us. A man by the name of Esther owned the outfit. He had with him his wife and child and a Mr. Ide, his wife's brother, and a young man. This party were all old acquaintances of Capt. Parks, and as they were going to Pikes Peak, Capt. Parks asked me next morning to hitch up and travel with them. This I could not conscientiously do, and I so told the captain. Upon finding that I would not go on, he began to talk with my wife to get her to insist that I go on. He represented to her that it would be dangerous for us to travel alone, as we were liable to be attacked by Indians at any time. (We had not seen an Indian since leaving Elk Horn.) He finally got her so frightened that she wanted to go on, but I would not consent. I told him that I would travel as far Sunday as they could Saturday, so that we could camp together every night except Saturday. This did not suit him, however, and, asking the four other men to help him, he hitched up and drove on, although I forbad it and told them to remember how our contract read.

When I found they would go on I took my Bible and a lunch, and my pistol, and stayed behind. After

they had passed on, I walked down to the Platte River one mile distant and waded across a narrow and shallow branch, onto a wooded island and spent the day there.

The sun shone quite hot at midday, and I began to feel drowsy. So I closed my Bible and using it for a pillow, soon fell asleep. I did not sleep long, however, for I was suddenly awakened by a hissing noise, and, opening my eyes, I beheld a snake's head within three inches of my face. The head was fully three inches wide and five inches long and was the most frightful sight I had ever beheld. With a sudden bound, I sprang fully five feet and grabbed a club with which I speedily put the snake out of commission. This snake was of an unknown kind, to me at least, and was the largest I had ever seen except at a show. It was six feet long and three inches thick.

I did not get sleepy again that day, nor did I see any more snakes.

About two hours before sunset, I discovered a large wolf about a quarter of a mile away. It was traveling in a north-easterly direction and would cross my trail about half way between me and the road, I having come directly south in coming to the river. I kept out of sight of the wolf, being hidden by the foliage. I could see it, however. As soon as the wolf came to my trail it stopped and sniffed the ground for a moment, then took the trail and came directly toward me. I let him approach within thirty feet, to the edge of the water, then, stepping suddenly into the open, I fired a shot at him. Whereupon he wheeled around and ran toward the road. After running ten or fifteen rods, he stopped and turning around, sat down on his haunches and looked my way. I had

stepped back behind the foliage as soon as I shot at him, so that he could not now see me. I again fired a shot at him, whereupon he wheeled and ran until he crossed the road and passed out of sight.

An hour later, two more wolves put in their appearance at the spot where I saw the first one. They were following his trail; but one of them struck off due north and crossed the road before reaching my trail. The other one kept on until it came to my trail. It then stopped, sniffed the ground, as did the first one, then turned and came toward me. I did not let it get quite as near me as I did the first one before giving it a shot. As soon as I fired, the wolf wheeled and ran off across the road, and passed out of sight without once looking back.

A few minutes later I started for the road, which I reached just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon.

I had seen a string of four wagons pass along the road at about noon, so I expected to reach their camp about eight or ten miles ahead. As soon as I reached the road I took a dog trot, which I did not break until I reached my own company, at half past 10 P.M.

On reaching camp I found all was well excepting that one of the men had lost my ax in the river, while attempting to wade to an island to get wood to cook supper with. This was a great loss to me, as I could not procure another and had only a small hatchet with my tools.

The men did not attempt to interfere with the team again, nor did they again ask me to travel on the Sabbath. Sometimes the wagons would all stop over both Saturday and Sunday. Whenever they went on

on the Sabbath, we would lay by and then catch up with them while they lay by on Sunday.

Our next unusual experience occurred a few days after the loss of my ax.

We were just going into our midday camp. I had unyoked the cattle and turned them loose to feed. The men had pitched the tent and gathered some brush for fuel, when it began to rain. A densely black cloud had suddenly arisen and with it a fierce wind. The wind ceased as suddenly as it rose, and as it ceased the rain turned to hail, the hail being as large as peas, completely covering the ground. Presently, the hail stones became much fewer in number, but much larger in size, being an inch thick. Thinking a little ice water would be good, I stepped to the wagon and had my wife hand me a pitcher which I immediately began to fill with hail stones. The hail suddenly stopped falling as I thought. The men were all in the tent. Suddenly Captain Parks called out, "Come in the tent, or get under the wagon, Kellogg, or you will be killed." My first thought was Indians and I straightened up to see where the danger was. As I stood erect a hail stone two and one-quarter inches thick whizzed past my face, struck the ground at my feet and bounded higher than my head. I got under the wagon at once, and stayed there until the hail ceased falling. These large hailstones lay about four feet apart over the ground as far as I could see in every direction. After filling my pitcher with them, I went to look for the cattle, fearing they might have stampeded during the storm. I soon found the cattle all right, and, leaving them to feed, returned to the wagon. There were now no hailstones in sight, all having melted. On the way back to the wagon, I spied a piece of ice or a hail stone em-

bedded in the prairie sod. I dug it out, took it to the wagon, and measured its circumference, which I found to be nine inches.

We hitched up the next morning and drove sixteen miles to our next camping place. Five miles before reaching that place, we were surprised to find evidences of a wreckage somewhere. We found fragments of clothing scattered over the prairie as though they had fallen from above. One of our men, while walking along about fifty feet from the roadway, picked up six twenty dollar gold pieces, two ten dollar pieces, and a five dollar piece. He said nothing about it at the time, however. Five miles farther on, we came to a deep gulley about two rods wide. By the side of this gulley, we found the remains of three wagons, that had been wrecked by a cyclone, the day before, the same storm in the outskirts of which we had been caught. We suffered no damage, but this company's three wagons were so badly wrecked that they only had four wheels left with which to construct two carts. They were from the state of Maine and were now going to rig up two carts and return. Their tent had been destroyed and carried away. One of the men, a passenger, said he had an oil cloth satchel in which he had all of his clothing, and his purse, which contained six twenty dollar gold pieces, two ten dollar gold pieces, and a five dollar gold piece, all the money he had. He did not know what to do, as he had nothing left with which to go either forward or backward. As he finished his story, we were all greatly surprised to see one of our company take his purse out of his pocket and pick out six twenty, two ten, and one five dollar, gold pieces and hand them to the man, and hear him say, "I think I must have found your money. I picked

these up five miles back. I found them near a lot of rags of torn clothing." It would have done you good to see the change that came over that man's face as he took the money. The men reported that they found one of their ox yokes four miles from camp, the wind having dropped it after carrying it that distance. One of our men had taken his rifle early in the morning and gone on ahead, to hunt in the hill which lay parallel with our road, six or eight miles away. He came into camp just before dark, but the only game he brought in was a new silk hat that he had found ten miles from the road. One of the wrecked men declared that the hat was his, and proved it by others of his party. This wrecked party lost nearly all their provisions and clothing, but fortunately, none of the men were hurt, nor any of their cattle, as they had gone into camp before the cyclone hit them. I felt very thankful that we escaped being wrecked.

A day or two later, I had the misfortune to wreck one of my front wheels. It was midday and we were going to unhitch and turn the cattle loose to feed. I therefore pulled out of the road way so as to let teams pass, if any should happen along. The prairie sod was generally very firm, but there happened to be a soft spot just there, and the near fore wheel dropped through the sod to the hub. I knew that it would require a strong pull to get out, so I cracked my whip and spoke sharply to the team to "Go on." It so happened that the end of the lash hit the off wheel ox, and he sprang forward and wrenched the wagon half around, bringing the off fore wheel around while the other front wheel remained stationary in the sod. This wrench was so severe that every spoke in the wheel broke off either at the hub or at the felloe. Before

leaving Michigan, I had taken the wagon to a wagon maker and directed him to thoroughly inspect it and make every needed repair. He put in all new spokes in the hind wheels, but did nothing to the front wheels, saying, "they were all right."

My overland guide book showed me that the nearest settlement in front or in the rear was seventy miles distant. The nearest timber in any direction was a cotton wood grove twelve miles in our rear and it was of no use as it was green and soft. Mr. Parks had gone on ahead to overtake a company we had discovered ahead of us.

As soon as Mr. Van Dusen, Capt. Parks' partner, saw the fix I was in, he rushed on ahead to notify the captain of our mishap.

My wife felt very blue, and I must say that I did not feel any too well over it. I cheered my wife as best I could, and asked her to prepare our lunch, while I turned the cattle loose and studied on the matter.

We had met a few teams going back every day for several days and I thought it quite likely that more would be along soon on the return trip and I might be able to buy pick handles of them.

Before we had finished our lunch, four returning wagons came in, and stopped to feed. I bought twelve pick handles from them. My wheel required fourteen spokes, so I still lacked two. I had in the wagon a straight hickory adz handle, and an ash staff for a surveyor's compass and with these I made up the required fourteen spokes.

I then sent two of the men of my party to gather brush with which to build a fire to set the tire. I then got out my tools, took the wheel to pieces and went to work to put in the spokes. The two men had to go two

miles to get the brush and then found only a little short willow, not over a quarter inch thick. I had the spokes two-thirds in, when Capt. Parks arrived. He picked up my hatchet and undertook to help me, but he nearly ruined three of the spokes by making the tenants too small. Having no way to cut and weld the tire to make it fit the wheel. I cut all the spokes an eighth of an inch long, then cut off the tops of my bootlegs and put pieces of leather between the felloes so as to make the wheel a little larger. The men built a fire in a circle and put the tire on the fire, put on more brush on top with the chips I had made, and had the tire hot by the time I had the spokes all in. About ten minutes before I was ready to set the tire, a string of wagons going our way came in. One of the men, Bill Armsley, by name, came to me saying he was a blacksmith and he would stop and help me set the tire if I would feed him until we could overtake his company. I gladly consented to this, and we soon had the tire set and were on our way. I caught up with Mr. Armsley's company and also with the ten wagons of my own company before noon the next day. The wheel did very good service for about two hundred miles, when it began to give out, but, before it failed entirely, I came upon a wagon that had been left by the road side. The spokes had been cut out of both hind wheels, and one of the fore wheels, to make pickets to picket out cattle. One of the front wheels was whole, however. I took it off, and found it just fitted my axle, so I left my old wheel in its place.

Very soon after our trouble with the broken wheel, my son Charles, then not quite three years of age, fell out of the wagon and broke his collar bone. After it

had got well knit together, he had the misfortune to break it again.

Shortly after my son's accident, my wife had the misfortune to get her foot caught under the front end of the wagon box—between it and the wagon pole, and crushed it. She was sitting on the front end with her feet hanging over outside the front of the wagon box. There was a little narrow gulley across the road, into which both front wheels dropped just as the wheel oxen raised their front feet out of it. This lowering of the front of the box and raising of the wagon tongue, made a trap in which her foot was caught, and so badly crushed it that she could not bear her weight on it for weeks. I had to lift her into and out of the wagon every time she got in or out for four weeks.

We had no further mishaps until we were within two days' drive from Laramie, five hundred miles west of Omaha, although we met parties every day who were returning with doleful tales about Pikes Peak, yet none we met had gone there before turning back. We not only met them on our side of the Platte, but we could see them going back on the south side of the river. The greater portion of the rush to Pikes Peak traveled on that side. We could often see ten or fifteen wagons go into camp in the evening, as they journeyed west. In the morning, we would see the greater portion of them, and sometimes, all of them, turn about and start eastward. On one occasion, a hundred wagons turned about and started homeward.

This did not make much impression on my wife and myself, however, as we had made up our minds to go on through to California, if we could buy off our contract to go to Pikes Peak.

Capt. Parks left us a week before we reached Laramie and went on ahead. He traveled on horseback. After he left I learned that several of the parties with whom I traveled had decided to go on to California. Among these, there were two men who owned an outfit of six yoke of oxen, one large wagon and one smaller wagon, and a good stock of provisions.

I arranged with them to take my two yoke of oxen in payment for taking myself and family through to Marysville, California. They were to pay me cash for what foodstuff I had. My reasons for having them take me through, instead of going on my own account, were: 1. I would have to buy off Capt. Parks and Co.; 2. I would have to sell all my food to do this; 3. My wagon was not safe for me to depend on for so long a trip; 4. I feared that I might lose an ox or two on the way.

I therefore drew up a contract to be ratified at Laramie, after I had arranged a settlement with Captain Parks and the other four men. In the contract, it was agreed that my wife and the two children were to be permitted to ride all the way if they desired to do so. I was to ride whenever I was unable to walk. I was not to be required to do any work whatever except to look after my family. The men who cooked for them, Messrs. Fisher and Shelton, were to cook for us. I was not to be required to look after or to drive any of the cattle, either in the yoke or when loose. I was only to wait on my family.

I made these arrangements on Friday, two days before reaching Laramie, and then in the afternoon made my camp and lay by over Sabbath. Mr. Van Dusen got a bottle of whisky from some returning Pikes Peakers, Sabbath morning and went on a reg-

ular carousal, drinking and gambling all day with the Pikes Peak retreaters. The next morning he refused to go on, or to get up and leave the tent, saying he would not travel on Sunday. My wife and children had always slept in the wagon and the six men, six including myself, all slept in the tent. The tent had belonged wholly to me at first, but when the five men overtook me near Columbus Park, Van Dusen paid me for one fourth its cost, and three of the others paid for another fourth of its cost.

On Sunday morning, I notified Van Dusen that I was going on, and invited him to get up and take breakfast with me.

This he refused to do. After breakfast I loaded everything into the wagon except the tent, Van Dusen's suit case, and bed. The men, all except Van Dusen, wished to go and Mr. Van Dusen still refused to get up, saying that he owned one-fourth of the tent, and he would not leave it. "Very well," I said, "I own one-half of the tent, and I am going on. If you wish to stay, I will cut the tent in two and take my half with me." "Take our part along also," said the two men who owned the other fourth. I then took out of its case a large knife and began to cut out one-fourth of the tent to leave. Seeing this, Van Dusen speedily arose, grabbed his clothes, and ran off to dress. I immediately folded up the tent and put it and the tent poles in the wagon, then rolled up Van Dusen's bed and put it and his valise in the wagon and started on, the team being already hitched up before he was dressed.

If he had ordered his things left, I should have let him take them out of the wagon and gone on, but he did not show himself until late in the afternoon. Van

Dusen had learned that I was going on to California, and the next morning he hurried on to Laramie to notify Capt. Parks. I had said nothing to Van Dusen about my change of plans, as I had made the contract to take the freight with Parks, and he was the man I would have to settle with. I knew that I would have no trouble with the two men about their part of the freight, but I expected some difficulty in settling with Parks.

I reached Laramie a little after sundown. There were more than a thousand men there planning whether to go on to Pikes Peak or to return, or to go on to California.

I put my oxen away to graze. We ate our supper and then I went in search of Capt. Parks. I soon found him behind a whisky barrel selling whisky at ten cents a glass.

He was more than half drunk. I said, "Capt. Parks, I would like to have a little talk with you, as soon as you can make it convenient."

"I will see you at such a place," designating the spot, "in a half hour," he said. I was very much surprised on going to the place with my wife and children, to find that the whole of the 1000 campers were gathering there.

Capt. Parks put in his appearance, but instead of having a talk with me, he took his stand on a box and addressed the crowd about as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have called you together for the purpose of having you try a case. I made a contract with Mr. Kellogg to have him take some freight through to Pikes Peak for myself and Mr. Van Dusen, my partner. We paid him in advance and he now refuses to go. I want you to try the case and show him

that there is a law out here on the plains, even if there are no settlers living here." There was only a trading station there, Laramie being the name given to the place where the road to Pikes Peak diverged from the California road. There was, however, a station for soldiers, called Fort Laramie, a few miles from this place.

Parks then, without giving me a chance to say a word, demanded that a sheriff be appointed to summon a jury of twelve men to hear the evidence and decide the case. The crowd now became an excited mob, all eager to see some fun, many of them being more or less under the influence of the whisky Parks had sold them.

Seeing the excitement all were in, I decided not to say anything at present, but to wait and see how things would develop.

A sheriff was selected and he appointed a jury of twelve men, all of which was done inside of ten or fifteen minutes.

Capt. Parks told his story quite correctly as far as the contract between us was concerned, but quite incorrectly as far as my refusing to go through to Pikes Peak was concerned. After he had told his story, the jury asked me if I wished to make a statement.

I said, "Yes, I do." I then took out the contract and read it and acknowledged having received payment in advance. I then told of the way Parks and Van Dusen had violated the contract by taking possession of the team on the Sabbath, and how they had lost the only ax I had. I then told them that I had never refused to see that their freight was put down at the place where I had agreed to put it, nor had I ever spoken a word to either of the men on the subject of going to California, or they to me. Continu-

ing, I said, "I am ready to make good on my contract, but I am not going myself any nearer Pikes Peak than I am at this present moment."

When I had finished, the jury retired for a few minutes, and then returned, saying they had agreed that "Mr. Kellogg's team must go on with the freight to Pikes Peak. He can leave his family here until he returns, then he can go on to California or elsewhere as he may choose, but he must fulfill his contract."

I then said, "Gentlemen, I am only one, you are a thousand. I am powerless so far as preventing your taking the team is concerned, but I will say this, neither my family nor myself are going any nearer Pikes Peak than we now are."

As I finished, my wife limped forward, leaning on her cane, her foot being still very lame. When she had attracted the attention of the mob, she said, "Gentlemen, the team belongs to me and it is not going a step farther on the road to Pikes Peak. We are going to California." This made quite a sensation.

Mr. Van Dusen had said nothing so far, but he now came forward and said, "I had heard that Mr. Kellogg wanted to go to California so I have been looking for a man to take the freight off his hands, and I have found a man who will take it all through for thirty dollars.

I was now free, as the thirty dollars paid for taking both lots of freight on to the end. I had in the meantime turned my teams and supplies over to Fisher and Shelton, they having signed the contract to take us through to California.

We did not start on our westward trip for a day or two, as a party was to be made up who would travel

together, for we were to pass through an Indian country.

Our party, when made up, consisted of forty-one resolute men, all sound in body and limb, and all between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. Four of the men had their families with them, making up a company, all told, of forty-one men, four women, and seven children. We had fifteen wagons, forty yoke of oxen, two cows, and one saddle horse. The men were all armed, some with rifles and all with revolvers or pistols.

We organized by electing a captain, whose duty it would be to decide when and where to camp and to appoint the night guard for the cattle, four being required generally,—two, from the time of camping until midnight, the other two relieving them then. Occasionally only one would be on guard at a time. All were to take their regular time or provide a substitute.

Mr. Ide and Mr. Esthers, who were the innocent cause of my having my team taken from me by Capt. Parks and his men, as herein before mentioned, were going on to California with the new party.

One road kept up the north side of the North Platte until we came to the Sweetwater River, a hundred miles or thereabouts, west of Laramie. The Sweetwater was a branch of the Platte.

There was a bridge across the North Platte, just below the mouth of the Sweetwater river. There was a post office and a store there also. This place was called North Platte Bridge. I mailed a letter home to Battle Creek from this place, the only letter I sent from the time of leaving Battle Creek until I arrived in California. We did not see a single house, except the

Indian huts, for more than thirteen hundred miles, as we pursued our westward journey.

We had no mishap for several weeks after leaving Laramie. The weather was fine, the days being warm, the sky cloudless, and the nights just the right temperature for sound sleeping. There were no Indians to trouble us. We had to guard our cattle well at night, however, for the wolves were very plentiful, going in bands of five or six up to thirty or forty in a bunch. They did not attack our cattle, however, for we kept too close guard for them. They did attack and kill three oxen, and wounded several others belonging to a company who were a couple of days ahead of us, who were careless about guarding their stock at night.

The roads soon became very dusty, making traveling very uncomfortable. Our faces soon became so covered with dust that by ten o'clock in the morning, no part of the flesh could be seen. We all looked as if we were made wholly of dust, even as the Bible says.

As we traveled up the Sweetwater, the level prairie changed into rolling prairie and *that* into low hill country, so that we frequently had to climb a hill with our wagon. It was seldom, however, that we descended a hill while going up the Sweetwater.

Feed began to grow quite scarce; we frequently would have to drive our cattle back two or three miles from the road, to find feed for them. We always had to camp for the night where we could have plenty of pure water for cooking, bathing, and for our cattle. There was always plenty in the river. Very frequently the bluffs shut the river in so close that no grass could grow for want of soil on which to grow. In such cases, we would camp near the river and drive our cat-

tle back to feed on the hills. Guarding the cattle at night was no pleasant job at such times.

I remember one night I was called at midnight to go to the hills to relieve the guard and bring in the cattle at seven o'clock in the morning. There was no moon, but the sky was cloudless. I had no idea where to look for the cattle except that at the time they were turned loose they were driven north, over a long low hill and were out of sight of camp. I wandered about in the sage brush until I found them three miles from camp in a place where there was plenty of bunch grass. The cattle were all lying down, the guard also, and I would have missed them had I not happened to find them directly in my pathway. I shouted for the guard, roused him and sent him into camp. As soon as there was any appearance of daylight in the east, I got the cattle up to graze, and then, after they had well filled themselves, drove them in. The cattle seemed to know what would be required of them and were loath to leave good feed for hard work. I had much trouble getting them in.

We had plenty of flour, corn meal, and bacon, also a little dried fruit, dried apples only, however. We also had some molasses and a little sugar, and some white beans, but no vegetables of any kind. We had plenty of bicarbonate of soda, also. Our principal bread was in the form of pancakes. We craved fresh meat and occasionally got an antelope, a deer or a jack rabbit. Once we had buffalo beef and once grizzly bear meat. We frequently saw antelopes but they were very shy and it was very seldom that we could get near them. I remember we laid over both Saturday and Sunday, while going up the Sweetwater, at a place where the nearest feed was, two miles back from the

river. Sunday morning I took my gun and went in search of an antelope. When about three miles back from the road, I discovered one a mile farther on. It was feeding on the side of a low hill. It saw me and in a moment it ran off over the hill, out of sight.

The ground between me and the hilltop raised only about three feet in a hundred, and was well covered with grass a foot high. I kept on my way until within about one hundred yards of the hilltop, then I lay down flat on my stomach and crawled to the top, which was also covered with grass. I then took off my white straw hat and peered over to see if the beast was within sight. I saw the animal but it was not within shooting distance. I therefore set about flagging it to me.

The antelope is very knowing. It knows every foot of its feeding ground and is quick to detect any new object that appears on the ground. If it discovers a new object moving about, it flees to a place of safety, or at least to a hiding place. If it discovers a strange object that is motionless, it has a great curiosity to ascertain what it is and whether it is dangerous.

As soon as I saw the antelope feeding on the backside of the hill, I placed my hat on the end of the ramrod and held it up where the animal could see it. The grass was sufficiently high to hide me, yet by pulling it apart, I could see without being seen. In less than a minute, it saw my hat, gazed at it, took a few steps toward me, stopped a moment, then came on a few steps and stopped again. It continued to advance in this manner until within ten rods of me. I then dropped the ramrod, leveled my gun and fired, but, the moment my hat fell to the ground, the antelope wheeled and ran and did not stop until out of sight. My shot

missed it. I was now about five or six miles from camp. On my way back I took a different route and came across a little hollow of about ten acres. There was no grass in this hollow, but it contained thousands of low shrubs, about a foot and a half high. These shrubs were very bushy and stood from eight to ten feet apart over the entire hollow. A big jack rabbit or hare was feeding on nearly every shrub. I made one shot and got a hare that weighed about twelve pounds. So we had rabbit stew for a couple of days. That was the only animal that I killed on the entire trip. I also killed one rattlesnake.

On another occasion when out hunting for meat, I came near stumbling over an antelope as it lay asleep. There were several stones about the size an antelope would be when curled up sleeping, scattered about, and I was about to step over what I took to be a stone, when, lo, it jumped up and ran off in a great fright. I was so startled that I could not shoot straight and it got away.

Messrs. Fisher and Shelton had with them five or six fine young men who were working their way, one as cook, the others as cattle drivers, wood and water gatherers, etc. The name of the cook was Clark. One day, while we were going up the Sweetwater, Mr. Clark said or did something that offended Mr. Shelton, whereupon Shelton struck him over the head with the butt of a hickory whip stock, and knocked him down. Clark jumped up and struck at Shelton with his fist, but did not hit him. Shelton knocked him down again with the whip stock and again a third, and a fourth time. Clark was very plucky and sprang up and struck at Shelton after each blow but did not once hit him. As Clark rose from the ground the fourth time, Shelton

drew his revolver and held it cocked within a foot of Clark's face. But, before he fired, one of the other men drew his revolver and, almost touching Shelton's face, said, "You shoot and I will shoot." Neither of them shot, however, as Shelton dropped his gun and stepped off.

When we camped that evening, Mr. Fisher told Shelton that he would not travel with a man that would draw a pistol on a fellow traveler. He would go no further until they divided up teams, wagons, provisions and passengers. So they divided, Fisher took four yoke of the cattle, the big wagon, and all of the young men passengers, leaving myself and family to go with Shelton. We did not like this, for Mr. Fisher was a gentleman. We were helpless, however, and could do nothing.

After dividing up, we left my wagon behind, putting our goods into the wagon that Shelton took. After the division, my work became very hard for I now had to do all the work of getting wood and water and all the cooking, as my wife was still too lame to get about to do anything. I also had to see to getting hitched up, and to drive part of the time. Soon after this, we met some parties who wanted to buy provisions and Shelton sold all our fruit and everything except flour, corn meal, a piece of bacon, and our baking soda, selling the sugar, too. He kept some of the molasses, however. From that time on we had pancakes and molasses, or pancakes and gravy three times a day and that for weeks until we got to our journey's end.

Mr. Shelton had been conducting himself toward myself and family in such a manner that I had to do something for our protection. I therefore reported him to the captain of our train, a very nice man, and,

one morning before starting, he called the men all together to hear my complaint. I told my story, my wife told hers, and our daughter told hers. The company asked him what he had to say. He said nothing. They then, by a three-fifths vote, took his teams, wagons and provisions from him and put them into my hands, agreeing to see me safe through to California. Mr. Shelton was to have nothing to do with the outfit until we got through. He was to be allowed to eat such food as I prepared for my family. I did not like the arrangement, not even a little bit, as it put all the work onto me. I said nothing, however. The teams were all hitched up except Shelton's, and ready to start. The captain bade me hitch up. As I started to yoke up, Mr. Shelton followed me, saying he would shoot the first man who touched one of the yokes to yoke up the cattle. Mr. Ide, of whom I have previously spoken, ran to his wagon and got a long lariat, or rope, and, running up to Shelton, he uttered a fearful oath, saying, "Shelton, you drew your pistol to shoot one man and now you have threatened another. If you do either again, we'll hang you as sure as you are a living man." Two other resolute young men followed Mr. Ide, backing up his statements. Shelton was terribly frightened and walked away. I yoked up and drove on with the rest. Mr. Shelton did not put in his appearance until just before we camped for the night.

There were several reasons why I was not satisfied with the arrangement:

1st. It put all the work of caring for the oxen, getting wood and water, cooking, etc., onto me, in addition to caring for my crippled wife, and our children.

2nd. If for any reason the company should separate, or if any of our cattle should die, Shelton, with

those who did not vote, might set us out on the desert.

After thinking the matter over, I called the company together after supper, Shelton being present. I then told them that if Mr. Shelton would come before the company and promise to act the part of a gentleman to me and my family, I would put everything back into his hands just as they had been.

This was more than he expected. He then acknowledged having done wrong and agreed to conduct himself properly from then on.

We were now north of the great Salt Lake. It was the captain's intention to try Shelton the evening before but four grizzly bears got among our cattle just before sundown and all hands in our party, and in another party, had to go out to protect the cattle. Our party came in, in about an hour, bringing in an eighty pound cub they had killed. The next morning they went out to the brush where the bears were and found the mother bear and another cub dead that they had shot the evening before. The old male bear got away. There were between eighty and ninety men, women and children in the two parties. The three bears were dressed and divided pro-ratio among us.

When I procured supplies in Omaha for my trip to Pikes Peak, I did not get any boots or shoes for any of us, as we each had two good pairs that we brought from Battle Creek. They were all pegged, that is, the soles were fastened on with wooden pegs instead of being nailed or sewed on. As we journeyed west, the dry roads caused the pegs in my shoes to get loose and come off at the toes, and I was obliged to go barefoot several hundred miles. I finally bought a half of a Buffalo skin of an Indian and got his squaw to make me a few pairs of moccasins out of it. She

sewed them together with an awl and sinew, taken from the neck of an elk. She worked several hours at them. About noon, the Indian took a nice fat prairie dog out of the hot ashes in which it had been roasting and he, his wife and their little girl, about seven years of age, had their feed. They invited me to eat with them. The dog was about the size of a large cat. It was roasted without being skinned, or having its entrails removed. I did not partake with them for I had no appetite for meat cooked in that way, although the meat looked as nice as roast pig, of which I had often eaten in my boyhood days.

I was glad to get the moccasins, as the soles of my feet were worn through and I now had a way of protecting them. I would wear a pair of the moccasins until my feet got well, then go barefoot as long as I could and then put them on again for a few days.

While traveling up the Sweetwater, we had no trouble with the Indians, and everything moved along smoothly, with the exception of the trouble the dust gave us.

We reached the South Pass, the highest point on our road, about 8,000 feet above sea level, about July 10th. Thus far our journey had been an ascending one. It now became a descending one, for we had now reached the divide between the waters flowing to the Atlantic and the waters flowing to the Pacific. We found some springs at the foot of Freemont's Peak. These springs arose out of a bog about an acre in extent. The bog was covered with green grass, the sod being from six inches to a foot thick. Underneath the sod we found, wherever we dug, a bed of solid ice ten inches thick. In about the middle of the bog, a stream of water three feet wide and two feet deep

broke through the ice and ran swiftly away. This spring was the source of Green River, or one of the sources.

After leaving South Pass, we left the Salt Lake road on which we had been traveling, and took Lander's cut-off, the most northerly of three routes. The Salt Lake road was long and crooked and around the south end of Salt Lake, through Salt Lake City. Sublet's cut-off was the middle route, and ran south of the lake, but did not go very near the city. Landers' cut-off ran around the north end of the lake and was much the shortest, as both the other routes had to join it west and north of the lake. Lander's cut-off ran direct over Bear River mountains instead of going through a river canyon as the Salt Lake road did.

We crossed Bear River in going over these mountains, camping two days on the river bank, where feed was good. It was while camping here that I got the squaw to make the moccasins for me.

After leaving Bear River, we soon came upon a wide range of low, gently sloping mountains, on which we found neither feed nor water for our teams. We climbed the range all day, passed its summit and camped after sundown, with no grass or water in sight. The cattle were all turned loose and Bill Armsley, the blacksmith who helped me set my wagon tire, was sent out to guard them.

The sky was cloudless, the moon was full, and the cattle were too weary to wander far, so one man could keep them together. Armsley was to call a man to relieve him at one o'clock. Having no time piece of his own, he borrowed one from a Mr. Tuff. It was a gold-cased watch, worth eighty dollars. At about eleven P.M., I was wakened by hearing some person walking

about my tent. Upon stepping out to learn who it was, I discovered Mr. Armsley with a lantern searching for something on the ground. "What is the trouble, Bill," I asked. "I have lost Tuff's watch," he replied.

Remembering his kindness in helping me set my wagon tire, I said, "Billy, I will go and herd the cattle, you find the watch." "Thank you," he said. "You will find them all lying down except one of the cows. I have had lots of trouble in trying to keep her from straying away; I think she smells water up the ravine, for she is determined to go up there." "All right," said I, "I will look out for her."

I found the cattle all lying down about a quarter of a mile from camp, all except the cow he spoke of. She was twenty rods away and going towards a low ravine. I ran to head her off, jumping over rocks and cactus as I ran. I had not run far before my eye caught the glimmer of something bright on the ground. At first it did not particularly attract my attention, as my mind was on the cow. After a minute it occurred to me that nothing but burnished gold would reflect moonlight as brightly as that object did and I turned back to see what it was. It proved to be Tuff's gold watch. Billy had dropped it out of his pocket while running to head off the cow from straying away. After getting the cow back with the rest of the cattle, I returned to camp. Armsley was still searching for the watch. "Billy," said I, as I handed him the watch, "Here is the lost watch. You did me a good turn a few weeks ago. I guess we are even now." "Where did you find it?" asked he. I told him where and how I found it. He then remembered that he ran to head off the cow and jumped over rocks and cactus just as I did. In all probability he would never have found it, for I found

it a quarter of a mile from where he was looking for it.

A few days later we came to a valley in which we found a small river and a large Indian village—the first we had seen on our route. Grass was plenty at this place so we camped at 10 A.M. and stayed there until the next morning. The village was composed of about forty or fifty tents, covered with elk skins. The tents were all made after the same style, but were of different sizes. Some were as much as twenty feet across. One that was occupied by the old Chief and his four young wives, was at least thirty feet across. The greater number were from fifteen to twenty feet across. All of them were circular in form and ran to a point in the center, with an opening at the top to let the smoke out, as they built their fires on the ground, in the center.

The old chief had a broken leg at the time we were there. I thought at one time that we would have trouble for the young Indians rushed to the tables at which our women and children were about to sit down to dinner, the men having eaten and left camp to stroll about the village. The Indians left nothing for the women and children. We had no further trouble, however.

A day or two later, one of our company, a fine young man, was accidentally shot and killed with his own gun. His name was Henry Langdon. He had been driving the Taft brothers' eight ox team, walking by their sides. Coming to a long stretch of level road, he stepped in behind the wheel oxen and seated himself on the front end of the wagon box with his feet hanging over in front. His gun was loaded and hung up under the top of the wagon cover, the muzzle pointed forward. Somehow, the sling in which the gun was

hanging got loose, and, as the gun fell, it discharged a charge of buckshot into the back of Langdon's head, killing him instantly.

We buried the poor fellow at our camping place that evening.

Soon after this we had a twenty mile drive up a long mountain side and a ten mile drive down the other side, with no feed or water for our cattle. It was Friday, and, coming to a little valley where we found both grass and water, we decided to stop over two days and let our teams rest and feed. Sunday afternoon about a dozen Indians came down a mountain just ahead and camped near us. In the evening about twenty more came down, bringing with them an ox that they had stolen from some train ahead of us. They killed and cooked the ox and had a great carousal until near morning. They left just before sunrise, and we saw no more of them. We had feared an attack from them all night and still feared, so we kept a good lookout for them.

We left camp at about eight o'clock A.M., Monday, and drove seven miles up the mountain to its summit, then one and one-half miles down its western slope and came to a nice spring, but found no grass. This spring was at the head of a ravine which we followed for twelve or fifteen miles.

At first, the ravine was very shallow, but, as we advanced, it grew deeper until it was more than a thousand feet below the mountain ridge on each side. In many places the ravine was not more than twenty feet wide at the bottom; in some places it was several rods wide.

When about one-fourth the way down, we met four Indians on horse back. They passed us on the

run and went back toward where they had camped the night before. An hour and a half later they came back, running their horses as before. One of our men was about two miles ahead of us when the Indians first met us. After they passed him, he sat down and waited for us. When we came up, he told us that one of the Indians asked him how many wagons we had, how many men, how many guns? Having no suspicions, he answered correctly, "ten wagons, forty men and forty guns." They then asked if there were any wagons following us. This he could not answer for we did not know of any wagons being behind us, but his suspicions were now aroused and he told them that "a hundred wagons were coming not far behind us." They then rode on and passed us, evidently to see if any wagons were in camp at the place where we had camped the two previous nights.

Soon after this, four Indians passed us on their way back. We discovered them making their way out of the ravine up the mountain side, the mountains being nearly a thousand feet high.

Our captain thereupon borrowed the only horse in our train and followed them. He soon came back and told us that he rode to the top of the mountain and there, behind its crest, he saw about fifty Indians, all of whom were armed. He ordered our head wagon to stop until all the wagons caught up, ten in all, and told all the women and children to keep in the wagons out of sight. He then had every man arm himself, placing ten men ahead, ten men behind, and one man on each side of the ten wagons. We then drove a few miles farther to where our ravine opened out into a small valley. Into this valley another ravine opened, from the opposite side of the mountain on which the

captain saw the fifty Indians. We met about thirty Indians at the entrance to the valley. They were mostly squaws and children and a few old men. We now felt easy as the Indians do not make an attack when their women and children will be in danger. We therefore went into camp for feed and water were both abundant. The captain put out a good strong guard for the night, however.

We learned a few weeks later that these same Indians went back the day we saw them and cut off one train of twelve men at the spring where we stopped the two days, killed one man and took twenty-six oxen —all they had. This they did the same night that we were camped in the little valley I spoke of. The next morning they cut off another company of ten men, who did not get to the spring until seven A.M. They killed one man and took all their cattle. At noon of that same Tuesday, they cut off a train of four wagons, at the head of the ravine above mentioned. Two of the men were killed and one child wounded, and the most of their twenty horses and mules were taken.

With this last company there were three brothers, the owners of the outfit, whose names were Shepherd, all married men—their wives and children being with them. A sister of the three men, and her husband and two children were with them. All four of these men were killed.

One of these four women had a babe only a few weeks old. She managed to escape with her babe unhurt, after she saw her husband killed. She started back to where we camped the two days, eight and one-half miles back. One of the men who had been shot through the arm, overtook her and took her babe and ran on for two or three miles, leaving the mother to

follow on. Fearing he might give out before reaching the camp, he hid the babe in a clump of sage brush, and ran on. There was a patch of about ten acres of wild sage, the brush standing in clumps here and there. Some of the stalks were five or six inches thick and ten or twelve feet high, with thick foliage. It was in such a bush that the child was hidden. When the mother came to this patch of sage brush, she, too, hid in it until night, then went on to the camp, not knowing that the child was left behind. Her distress was very great when she learned the facts.

About noon a very large party came to where the people were, and, picking up all who had lost their teams, drove up the mountain eight and one-half miles, to where the last team was cut off. Coming to the patch of sage brush, they found the child alive and unhurt, but very hungry. Coming to where the horse and mule team was cut off, they buried the five dead men, found the three women and all the children and took them in.

George W. Mills, a man with whom I have been personally acquainted for more than forty years, was a member of one of the three companies above mentioned. I heard the story while still on the way to California, a few weeks after the men were killed, some of the survivors having overtaken us. Mr. Mills confirmed the story after I became acquainted with him here in California.

One of the young oxen which I took in exchange for my horses while passing through Iowa, wore his feet so that they bled from the bottom at every step he took, not long after Fisher and Shelton had dissolved partnership. A day or two after we discovered that the feet of the ox were bleeding, we came across

a stock man who was pasturing a herd of cattle, mostly cows and young stock, in a valley where feed and water were plentiful. Mr. Shelton traded with the stock man, taking a cow in exchange for the lame ox. Had he kept the ox, I should have screwed some sole leather onto his feet for shoes, as I did one of Messrs. Esthers' and Ide's oxen that had worn his feet through. I had bought a large piece of sole leather and a gross of small screws, when in Omaha, for that very purpose, if needed.

We yoked the cow in with the odd ox and traveled on. A few days later, we came across another stock man who had a herd of Texas cattle that he was pasturing. Mr. Shelton made a trade with him, taking a pair of large, long-legged, big-horned Texas steers in exchange for the cow and odd ox. These Texas steers were very wild and had never been handled in any way since they were branded, when calves. It took a dozen men to catch and yoke them. We hitched them in as third team in our four yoke string. We put a large strong pair in as wheel oxen, then the Texas pair, and two large strong pair ahead of them, using the best pair of those I brought from Iowa as leaders, and superb leaders they were. Putting the Texas oxen in the middle of our teams as we did, left them no chance to do anything but walk along and pull, and we soon had them well in hand, all except in yoking up, and in this we conquered them after a few weeks, so that the two of us were able to catch and yoke them.

Our route north of the great Salt Lake took us over to Raft River, a branch of Salmon River. Here we found feed and water in abundance. We found nearly a hundred wagons in camp here, recruiting the strength of their oxen. Our company stopped two

days to rest and feed our stock, and then went on by ourselves.

A few days later we were overtaken by a small company who were in camp at Raft River when we left. They told us that at noon of the day we left a lone horseman came into camp and reported that a boy eighteen years of age had shot and killed a man in a company of ten men, one woman and her daughter, a girl of seventeen. The horseman was one of their company. He said that the woman was married to the father of the boy, making her the boy's stepmother, and her husband the girl's stepfather. The man that was killed was the woman's brother and the girl's uncle. He said that the girl had frequently reported to her mother that the boy, or young man, for he was a full-grown man, was in the habit of using insulting language to her whenever he found her alone and that he had twice made an indecent assault on her.

The mother reported the complaint of her daughter to her husband but he would not, or could not, do anything about it. She then reported the case to her brother, the girl's uncle. He thereupon took the youth to task for what he was doing, threatening to punish him if he repeated his assaults. This occurred in the evening. The next morning the youth got up at daybreak, stole the uncle's rifle from his bedside, as he lay asleep and absented himself from camp until breakfast time. When he returned he found the uncle washing his hands and face, preparing for breakfast. He then, without a word of warning, shot him dead. After breakfast the body was placed in a wagon and the party drove on for the camp ahead. The horseman rode on and told the large camp what had oc-

curred. The company in which the murder occurred did not arrive until after sunset.

After they had driven up the young man wandered around the camp and entered a tent. He heard one of the men tell the other that a man had been killed that morning by one of the men in the company that had just arrived. When the boy heard the story, he said, "I am the person who killed that man." One of the men said, "You are, are you? I guess we will attend to your case in the morning." This occurred the evening after our company left.

The next morning the entire company got together, heard the evidence, and voted to hang the boy one hour later. When the hour was up they ran two wagons front to front, quite near each other. They then raised the wagon tongues, tied the ends together, blocked the wheels, fastened the boy's hands together behind his back, tied his feet and his knees together, put a rope around his neck, put the end of the rope through the end of the wagon poles and pulled up until his feet no longer touched the ground and kept him thus suspended until he was dead. They then let him down, buried both bodies side by side and then all parties hitched up, and drove on just thirty hours behind us. I said all parties drove on. The boy's father did not drive on. He stayed back for another company.

This was the story told to us a few days later, when some of the company overtook us. A year later I met a man in California who crossed the plains the year that I did. We were telling each other of our own personal experiences and he related this same story. I told him I had heard it soon after it occurred and I hardly knew whether to believe it or not. He

answered me that it was true in every particular, saying, "I know it to be true for I did the hanging." I have always been glad that I was one day ahead and had no part in that matter.

A few days later, as we were camped for dinner, a man rode into our camp. He was riding a mule and leading another riderless mule which was saddled. He said that his company was ten miles ahead and that with them there was a young woman who was about to be confined. He said that she was the only woman in their company. Her husband was a young man and they had not been married quite a year. All of the men, ten in all, in their company, were, with one exception, single men. The one exception was a rough sort of a fellow. He said he had come back in search of a woman to help the young woman in her trouble.

Learning that my wife was lame, he tried first to get one of the other women to go to her help, but they all refused. He then came to our wagon and told his story. It touched my wife's heart and she said, "I am lame, and ought not to go, but that woman needs help. If I knew that the mule was gentle, I would go with you." He assured her that it was as gentle as a lamb. She then slipped on a pair of my trousers under her dress, then mounted the mule man-fashion, and galloped away with the man.

After dinner was over and our teams had filled themselves, we hitched up and drove on, coming to the camp just at dark. We found everything all right. The baby was born and both mother and child were doing well. My wife cared for them both through the night and then turned in to her bed in our wagon and and we hitched up and drove on. This, you will remember, was several years before I studied medicine.

All the pay my wife received was the thanks of the couple, who, like ourselves, were traveling without money. She also had the satisfaction that a person feels in doing for others as they would like others to do for them under similar circumstances.

A few weeks later, while traveling down the Humboldt river, our party went into camp near another cluster of wagons. About ten o'clock P.M., my wife was again called upon to wait on another young woman about to be confined with her first child.

The next morning, as our train was about to drive on, the young husband came to our wagon to thank my wife for the help she had rendered. He gave her a two and one-half dollar gold piece. We then drove on leaving mother and child both doing well.

Twenty-one years later, after I had established the Sanitarium at St. Helena, I was called to wait on a woman who lived two miles from the Sanitarium. After her child was born and mother and child were both cared for, she told me that her first child was born in Nevada while she was coming overland to California, in 1859. We soon found that she was the woman my wife had assisted while camped on the banks of the Humboldt river.

I will now go back and resume my narrative.

About the time my wife took her mule-back ride, we entered a very desolate region. Feed and water became very scarce and we had to make long drives without either. Many times the water was full of alkali. Many of the emigrants had some of their cattle sicken and die. We frequently had to drive until midnight to reach feed. On one occasion we started at 4 P.M. and drove sixteen miles to a small spring, but found no feed. There was bunch grass back on the

mountain side from which we started at 4 P.M. but no water. We now had water that our cattle drank greedily, but no feed. This water was so foul that we could neither drink it nor cook with it.

We let our teams rest an hour without unyoking them and then drove eighteen miles across a sage brush desert to the edge of an alkali flat, which we reached just after sunrise. Here we found a large boiling spring from which a stream two feet deep flowed. This water was so hot that a vast body of steam rose from the spring. We had to take our cattle many rods from the spring to find water cool enough for them to drink. There was not a spear of grass at this place, so we did not unyoke. We let the cattle rest a couple of hours, however, and then drove on across the alkali flat, which was eighteen miles across. This flat was as level as a house floor and its surface was as white as snow, being covered with a coat of alkali.

One of our Texas oxen showed symptoms of being alkalized when we started at 4 P.M. the day before. He gave out and we had to leave him to die on that alkali field.

The day was very hot, no clouds, no wind, no shade. We now had seven oxen left. Shelton drove the teams and I stayed behind to bring on the sick ox and his mate in case he got better. I stopped back an hour until I saw there was no prospect of saving him. I then left him to die and started on with the one loose ox. I could see the wagon three miles ahead. They appeared to be driving in water that was up to the hubs. I hurried on, hoping to find both water and grass, but when I got to the supposed water, I found only white alkali. Upon looking back, I saw a similar appearance

of water behind me. It was a mirage formed by the rays of the sun reflected from the alkali. This mirage shifted from place to place from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M.

We reached the far side of the flat an hour before sunset and came to the foot of a high range of mountains. We found good, sweet water in plenty at the foot of the mountains, but no feed. We had now driven fifty-two miles in twenty-seven hours, with no feed. We had sent a man ahead with the horse to hunt feed. We found him at the spring when we got in from the flat and he reported having found plenty of grass six miles off the road up a very steep canyon. There were both feed and water there. So we unyoked and drove our cattle up there and rested two days.

After leaving this camp, we found both feed and water very scarce and the road very bad on account of rocks, boulders, and dry ravines. We frequently had to drive until midnight and sometimes all night. Occasionally we came to a patch of tall bunch grass. In such cases, we cut a few bundles and took them along with us.

We also had to carry a small supply of wood and drinking water. Some of the cattle got sick and died. This condition of things lasted for about ten days, until we reached the head waters of Humboldt River, after which we had feed, water and wood. Some of the cattle were so worn that four of the wagons had to lay by for a couple of days, the other six going on. Mr. Shelton's wagon was one of the four. The ten wagons got together again before we left the Humboldt. The Indians on the Humboldt were very treacherous, occasionally attacking a small wagon train that summer. The government had sent out a company of twenty-five soldiers to protect the emigrants, but they

could not guard every point of the road at the same time. Therefore the Indians got some of the cattle occasionally. One of their methods of stealing a march on a small band was as follows:

We came to a place where the river made a wide bend. In this bend there were about two or three hundred acres of good grass; near the river it was four feet high. One of our men saw an ox or cow a half a mile from the road feeding in grass a foot high. We could all see the ox raise his head occasionally and whisk his tail to brush off the flies. The man said, "Some emigrant has lost an ox. I will go and get it." He started for it, but as he went toward it, it walked slowly toward the tall grass and disappeared. The man kept on until an arrow suddenly whizzed past his head. He thereupon fired a shot into the grass where the ox disappeared, whereupon an Indian jumped up and ran off. On going to the spot, he found a dried ox hide—hard and stiff, but so dried and doubled as to resemble an ox when an Indian carried it over his head. The Indian had raised and lowered the head and whisked the tail so as to make the skin resemble a live ox leisurely feeding.

While going down the Humboldt a little farther on and after the birth of the child previously mentioned, one of Shelton's oxen got too ill to travel and two others showed symptoms of sickness. We were therefore compelled to stop behind. All the other wagons drove on and left us. The feed was good, and by the third day we were able to go on, but we had to travel by ourselves, no other wagons having overtaken us.

The river made a bend to the south and our road left it, and, keeping west, struck a rolling desert that required a week's time in passing. We found a little

feed and water in places. We traveled all night one night on this stretch. The last ten miles were across a low level bed of land without a green thing on it. The land was broken into chunks from one foot to three or four feet in size. The government had cleared a narrow way through the lava so that we had no trouble. After traveling all night, we reached the lava bed in the morning. We got through it by 10 A.M. We drove over rough, barren land for two hours, and, to our surprise, came to a meadow of wild grass that resembled what we called "red top" when I was a boy. This grass was as thick as it could grow and nearly three feet high. The meadow was several miles across. We found a running stream of water near the road, also. It was now just midday. We therefore unspanned our cattle, intending to camp there until the next morning. I gathered wood, got water, fried pancakes for our dinner, we had nothing else to cook—and we ate our dinner.

I was very weary, having walked and driven the team for twenty consecutive hours, so decided to have a good rest before washing up and putting away the dinner dishes.

Shelton had complained of being ill and had ridden in the wagon all night and all the morning. After dinner he strolled away to keep the cattle together, while I rested. About 3 P.M. he brought the cattle in, saying that he had just met a soldier who told him that our train was in camp about thirteen miles ahead of us. They told him of our being behind and sent word by him for us to hurry up and overtake them. Shelton said he did not feel well enough to walk and drive but he would like to go on and overtake our company if I would drive. My wife and I were both very anxious to

overtake our company for neither of us had any confidence in Shelton. We did not fear personal injury, as he had sold his pistol and big knife before our wagon was left to travel alone, and I knew he had no other weapons. I therefore said, "Yes, I will drive the team."

I put our unwashed dinner dishes into a wash tub, yoked in the cattle, and drove on, and on, and on, until about three o'clock the next morning, but saw no camp nor any wagons, nor did I meet any person. At about 3 A.M. I found that the road was leaving the valley and was about to lead up into a range of mountains that we had seen ahead of us for two days. I therefore roused Shelton from his sleep and told him the situation. He got up and looked around. We then decided to stop right there until daylight.

We therefore turned the cattle loose to graze and then rolled up in our blankets and slept until sunrise. I then woke Mr. Shelton and told him that if he would look the cattle up, I would get breakfast. On getting up and looking ahead, we saw three log houses a quarter of a mile ahead of us. I immediately set about gathering wood and water, built a fire, washed up the dinner dishes of the previous day, and got the pancake dough ready to fry the cakes for breakfast.

Instead of looking up the cattle, Shelton had gone off to the nearest log cabin and had a short chat with three men who now accompanied him back to our wagon.

"Haven't you got that breakfast ready?" said he in a very imperious tone. "No," said I. "You must remember that I had the wood and water to gather and our yesterday's dinner dishes to wash. You just take a turn around and see if you can see the cattle,

but be back in ten minutes. I will have our cakes cooked by that time."

He evidently had been drinking at the cabin, for, uttering an oath, he picked up a bucket of water I had standing there, and threw the water on the fire, saying that I should have no breakfast until I had found the cattle. I said, "Mr. Shelton, you know it is your place to look after the cattle. Go and see if you can find them. I will get our breakfast and after breakfast, if you cannot find them, I will help hunt them up."

He then went to look the cattle up and I proceeded to build another fire and get breakfast. I had just got a cake in the frying pan when he came back, and, with a fearful oath, asked if I was not going to look for the cattle. I was squatted down holding the frying pan over the fire, with my left hand, and I said, "Not until I have had my breakfast. You know we had no supper last night and that I drove the team from three o'clock yesterday and all night." He thereupon swore that I should have no breakfast until the cattle were found, and, picking up a bucket of water, he threw half of it in the fire, and the rest in my face, as I was squatted down. He had a willow stock in his hands. It was at least six feet long and an inch and a quarter thick at the butt. Swinging it around his head, he struck me a full blow on my head, then a second, a third and then a fourth. I said not a word, nor did I make a move of any kind, until he swung his club around to hit me the fifth time. I was sure the fourth blow had fractured my skull, and, when I saw the fifth blow coming, I raised my left arm and received the blow on it, between the elbow and the wrist. I had not expected a second, a third, or a fourth blow, but, thinking each would be the last, had neither said

or done anything but stood still and took the blows. The fifth blow nearly fractured my arm, and, thinking he had gone mad and intended to kill me, I grabbed my pistol with my right hand, as it hung in my belt, and said, "Shelton, if you strike me again I will shoot you dead." He did not strike again but dropped his club and left as fast as he could.

I did not take my pistol out of its sheath but kept hold of it ready to draw if he attempted to strike me again. It was fortunate for both of us that he ran off. He did not show himself again until noon.

The three men who came with him from the house where he got his whisky stood near by and saw the whole affair.

As soon as he had disappeared, I began to grow dizzy and dropped to the ground in a semi-conscious condition. My wife had witnessed the whole proceeding from the first blow to the end, as she was dressing in the covered wagon. Seeing me drop to the ground, she climbed down out of the wagon, fixed a bed for me under the wagon and helped me onto it. She then cooked some cakes and brought to me, but as I had fallen asleep, she did not disturb me.

About three hours later I was aroused out of my semi-conscious condition by hearing a man say, "I will attend to it right away." Upon opening my eyes I saw a well dressed, fine looking gentleman walking away.

"Who is that?" I asked my wife. She answered as follows:

"He says that his name is Roupe and that he is the Governor of this Territory. He says that we are in Nevada, that extensive gold and silver mines have been discovered and that the miners have elected him Governor. He said that one of the men hunted

him up and told him what he had seen Shelton do and that he came right down to learn from me how the trouble occurred." Continuing, she said, "I told him what I had witnessed. He then wanted to know if we had had any trouble before this. I then told him all about how our company had voted to take everything out of Shelton's hands and put them into your hands and to stand by us and see us safe through to California. He then said that there was an emigrant camp a few miles back. They were camped some distance from the road, and we had passed them in the night." He thought it possible that our company might be there; he would send a man on horseback to find out, and, if they proved to be our company, and corroborated her story about the past trouble, he would have Shelton arrested and punished.

After a moment's reflection, I said, "That talk about his being Governor is all gammon. Why, we have not seen a white man's house in the last thirteen hundred miles until today and only three now. It is probable that Mr. Roupe is putting his foot in for the purpose of making something out of us. I have no confidence in him. He is only a fake Governor."

Mrs. Kellogg then got some food for me and I soon felt much better, although my head and arm hurt me severely.

About noon, Mr. Shelton came to where I was lying and said, "Mr. Kellogg, I think our company is ahead of us. I would like to go on and overtake them. If you are willing to go on, I will do all the work of attending to and driving the team and you may ride all the way."

I saw by his looks and actions that he was either very much humbled or very much frightened. So I

replied by saying, "Mr. Shelton, I am as anxious as you can be to get through to California. If you wish to go on, I consent."

He had brought the cattle in already. He now yoked up and we went on, he driving and I riding. Our road passed up into a thickly wooded mountain, through a shallow ravine containing a small brook of pure water. We drove eight miles to the head of the brook and camped for the night on the edge of a level prairie, now called Mountain Meadows. The prairie was eight or ten miles across and was covered in every part with a fine growth of grass and was without timber or brush. There was heavy timber on every side of it, however.

We camped near the brook two hours before sundown. Mr. Shelton unyoked the cattle and drove them away to graze a half mile from camp and remained there to herd them until they were well filled. He then brought them in and staked them out. The yoke he got from me needed no staking out.

While he was away, I made the bed he and I were to occupy on the ground but not under the wagon. I put my pistol and knife under my pillow. As I was making our bed, my wife said, "Merritt, I am afraid Shelton will kill you before morning." "No," I said, "he will not. I am not afraid. You know he sold his knife and pistol back on the Humbolt. I have both of mine, and I am sure he is a coward and is afraid of me."

When Shelton came in with the cattle, my wife had our supper all ready and we ate it just before dark. While we were eating, a wagon came in from California loaded with supplies for the log cabin village we had left at noon. There was but one person with

the wagon, the driver, but his presence gave great relief to my wife. She now felt that Shelton would not do anything to me.

Mr. Shelton and I slept together on the ground that night, and every night thereafter, until the last night of our journey. We neither of us spoke to each other of our trouble after he ran off in fear of my pistol. No person traveling with us would have mistrusted from our actions toward each other that we had ever had any trouble.

We left camp the next morning and proceeded across the prairie and camped at night alone, on another very small grass plot. Waking up the next morning, we found our bed and the ground covered with a half inch of snow. We had discarded the tent and left it behind six or eight weeks previously, when we had passed all danger of rains.

Our wagon traveled alone four days, when we were overtaken by all of the nine wagons, the thirty-eight men, and the three women and six or seven children of our party. They came into camp after dark.

Mr. Ide, of whom I have previously spoken as having championed my cause in our first trouble, came to me and asked me to tell him all about our late trouble. I did so. He then told me that Mr. Roupe had been elected Governor by the miners and that he sent a man to them to make inquiries about the previous trouble of which my wife had told him. Mr. Ide further said that the men told him all about our trouble at Susanville, as the place where it occurred was called. The company thereupon hitched up and drove to Susanville that evening, but found we had left. They learned there that Mr. Shelton had found out that Governor Roupe had sent a man back to look for our

company and to make inquiry about our first trouble, and that, if he found my wife's story true, he would have Shelton arrested, tried and punished. When Shelton learned what the Governor was doing, he was anxious to get out of his reach and so went on.

Mr. Ide also told me that when the company learned all that had occurred at Susanville, they voted to take Shelton and horsewhip him if they overtook us, I begged them not to do this, for he had given me no trouble since we left Susanville, and so the matter dropped.

Our road now lay over very high mountains and down a deep valley, but we found plenty of feed and good water and were in heavily-wooded mountains all the way through the Sierra Mountains, which we were now crossing. A very few days later, while traveling along the top of a wide ridge, with Butte Creek flowing far below us on our right, and Feather River below us on our left, we came to a turn of the road on one point of the ridge, from which we would look down into the valley of the Sacramento River, twenty-five miles west of us. We could trace the river by the timber growing along its banks. The valley appeared to be, and really was, fifty or sixty miles, and was bare of timber as far as the eye could see either north or south, except along the river banks and along the banks of the streams flowing into it.

The sight of this valley was a very pleasant scene to wife and me. We felt that our present troubles were nearly over and that whatever ill might betide us in the future could not be worse than that through which an Unseen Hand had led us, and preserved us for the past five months.

It was Friday morning, the second Friday in September, we drove with the company three miles farther. All of the wagons but Shelton's then took a right hand road leading directly toward the Sacramento River. Mr. Shelton's contract with me required him to land us in Marysville, so he took the left hand road from Dogtown, where we parted company with the rest of our party again. Shelton and my family camped at a little village, in the edge of the great valley, intending to stop over Sunday, but Sabbath morning he woke me up soon after sunrise, telling me that he was not going to Marysville. He said the Marysville stage would be along in one hour and he had paid our passage to Marysville on it. We could go on or stay where we were. He had a chance to sell his team and wagon and was going to sell them.

We had no alternative but to go on, so an hour later we were aboard the stage for Marysville, sixty miles distant, which place we reached at 12 A.M. and thus ended my trip across the plains in 1859. I have omitted many incidents that were interesting but unimportant, such as the killing of four rattlesnakes in one of the tents by one of our party as we were camping for the night. Also, how my little Charles, only two and a half years old, was found one noon, trying to kill a rattlesnake with a small stick and the snake instead of fighting back ran off, but was killed by the young girl, aged fourteen, who first saw what Charles was doing. When I told him he must not try to kill the snake, he said, "The mans do so." I have said but little of Anna, my step-daughter, then aged eleven. She was a good girl and very helpful to her mother, and obedient to me. She lived with us here in California until about nineteen years of age, then went to

live with an acquaintance, a hundred miles away. She married a good but poor young man. Finally she became affected with tuberculosis and died at our home in Healdsburg, in 1871 or 1872. Her brother, Alvin, whom we left in Elkhorn City, afterward committed suicide in San Jose, this state. He lies buried beside his sister. Charles died in 1889, leaving a wife and one child, a daughter. My wife died in Los Angeles, May 4, 1874, while I was in Australia.

FINIS

SMITH M. KELLOGG



SMITH M. KELLOGG

WAS born March 16, 1834, in Hadley, Massachusetts, where the Kellogg family had resided for nearly two hundred years. He was next to the oldest of a family of sixteen children, seven boys and nine girls. His father, John Preston Kellogg, was the tenth lineal descendant from the first known ancestor, Nicholas Kellogg, who was born in England in 1488 and lived in Essex, near London. John P. Kellogg brought his family to Michigan in 1835 and settled on a large tract of new land near the city of Flint, then a very small village. Michigan was at that time still very largely in the hands of the Indians, who had a settlement at Saginaw and roamed the central portion of the state in their hunting expeditions, white settlements having only begun along the eastern border and southern portion of the lower peninsula.

The boy thus grew up from the tender age of two years amid pioneer surroundings, and was well acquainted with all the hardships of frontier life. Deer, bears and other wild animals were frequent visitors to the little clearing where their first farming began. The food consisted chiefly of wheat, corn, rye, barley, turnips, beans and potatoes, with dairy products, and provisions were sometimes short; but life under these primitive conditions developed the physical vigor and hardihood needed to insure a long and active life.

His mother, Mary Ann Call Kellogg, died when he was eight years of age, leaving him with two brothers and two sisters. A year or two later his father married Ann Jeanette Stanley, in whom the motherless ones found a real mother, whose tender

care and affection they always appreciated and reciprocated.

Housekeeping on a frontier farm, or rather homemaking, was a real business. Modern conveniences were wholly lacking and the work included many activities that are now conducted in factories by the aid of elaborate machinery. The wool, taken direct from the shearer's hands, was washed, carded, spun into yarn, woven into cloth on a hand loom and then fashioned into clothing for each member of the family. Dyeing, tailoring, dressmaking, even the tanning of skins into leather, shoemaking and harnessmaking, were ordinary household operations which farmers' wives had to conduct or assist in doing, in addition to buttermaking, cheesemaking, candlemaking, matchmaking, and a hundred other activities in which self-independent settlers had to engage. In most of these arts, the boy Smith participated and soon became so expert, even in spinning and weaving, that his stepmother many years afterward often spoke with great appreciation of the assistance he gave her in bearing the heavy burdens of those pioneer days; and this practical training was undoubtedly of great value to him, as in after life he showed remarkable facility in acquiring new trades, an unusual number of which he mastered and at various times pursued successfully.

Educational advantages in a frontier town seventy miles from Detroit, which at that time was only a small city, were of course very limited. At the age of seventeen, Smith went with his older brother Merritt to Oberlin College, then recently opened in Ohio, though he did not finish the course at that excellent institution, then presided over by Finney and other famous educators of the time.

A year or two later, the family moved to Jackson, Michigan, and in 1856 came to Battle Creek. May 13, 1858, Smith married a most excellent young woman,

Maria Dickinson, of Sandstone, Michigan, who was his most faithful and congenial companion until her death in January, 1911. They raised a family of five children, four of whom are still living, with eleven grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren. Smith became a church member when he was a young man and lived a consistent Christian life. He was a man of unusually amiable, kindly and sociable disposition. He had a remarkably retentive memory and his mind remained active to within a few weeks before his death.

At the age of twenty-seven years, he began to suffer from night blindness, because of which he was excused from military service in the Civil War. This eye affection gradually increased and for the last twenty-three years of his life he was blind. Nothwithstanding his affliction, he never complained but was extraordinarily patient and maintained a cheerful, buoyant spirit. Aside from his blindness, he enjoyed excellent, even robust, health most of his life, until very recent years. Until he was long past eighty years of age, his pulse, blood pressure and arteries were like those of a man of forty. His ancestors for ten generations back on the paternal side, were all fairly long-lived, none having died under seventy years; but in reaching the advanced age of ninety-three years and eight months, he exceeded by five years the life span of any of his predecessors.

His children are Arthur E. Kellogg, residing at Battle Creek; Walter Eugene Kellogg, of Armona Park, Illinois; Dr. Lena K. Sadler, and Mrs. Anna B. Kellogg, of Chicago.

The surviving members of his father's family are three brothers and two sisters: Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Dr. Preston S. Kellogg, Will K. Kellogg, Mrs. Clara K. Butler, and Mrs. Hester A. Kellogg.

Graff 2295